

MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE AND PROSE;

CONTAINING

CHARACTERS, ESSAYS,

AND

LETTERS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Scribimus indocti, doctique Poemata passim.

BY ROBERT NOYES,
Author of a Poem entitled DISTRESS.

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The Author humbly hopes that his Subscribers will pardon the long Delay in publishing these Miscellanies, as it was occasioned by many unforeseen Circumstances.



WITH
VENERATION AND ESTEEM,

THIS
LITTLE WORK,
DEVOID OF POMP,

IS
DEDICATED
TO
A REAL FRIEND,

BY
HIS MOST HUMBLE

AND
OBLIGED SERVANT,

ROBERT NOYES.

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P R E F A C E.

AMONG the following Miscellanies the Reader will find some *juvenile* pieces, the imperfections of which the Eye of Candour will connive at, as it kindly does at the foibles of youth; those of *maturer* years cannot expect the same indulgence; yet the Author hopes to escape the severity of Criticism, as he did not write for Praise, but to support an helpless Family.

The compositions are on various subjects, and were designed to *profit* and to *please*; I have endeavoured to avoid giving offence, yet am sensible *that* will not always secure from censure.

I gladly

viii P R E F A C E

I gladly embrace this method of conveying my grateful acknowledgments to the Subscribers, many of whom are strangers to me as I am to them; I cannot but account Benevolence to have been their motive for encouraging this work, and may the Pleasure resulting from a benevolent act, be their Recompence.

ROBERT NOYES.

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MIS-

MISCELLANIES, &c.

O N
D E A T H,
A P I N D A R I C O D E,

Composed at the Age of 18 Years.

'TIS fix'd, (and the decree is just)
Our mortal bodies shall decay;
Our flesh become a lifeless lump of clay,
And moulder into dust.
By *Adam's* trespass death an entrance found
(Entrance lamented!) to this world,
And thick his fatal jav'lines hurl'd,
Which sent, and still do send, whole nations under
ground.
Our fathers long have paid their debt,
And pass'd the tyrant's shadowy road;
And we their living sons, or soon or late,
Are destin'd once to tread the gloomy path they
trod,

P. B. 45.

How

Pa.

How soon the dreadful summons may be sent

To fetch from earth our souls away
To GOD's tribunal, is beyond our ken;
Or when our fleshly vail in twain be rent;

At twenty or three score and ten,
At ev'ning, morning, or mid-day,
When infants, or when men.

Since 'tis uncertain when the LORD
Will stop our ever-fleeting breath,
Let us his wise command regard,
BE ALSO READY—be prepar'd
To meet approaching death.
Oh! may this holy precept rest
Rever'd, in every human breast!

Such as can pierce with humble eye
The curtains of the upper sky,
Where Jesus sits enthron'd on high,
Will calmly wait their end;
Count it their greatest gain to die,
And quit the world without a sigh,
To join above their Saviour and their friend.

Death will transmit them to their God,
And land their souls on that blest shore,
Where tempests ever cease:
Oh! glorious realm! Oh! safe abode!
There sorrow shall exist no more,
But endless joy and peace.

Their

Their harps shall there on ev'ry string
Sound grateful praise to heav'n's high King,
And LOVE DIVINE will tune their tongues to sing.

Not so the wicked and profane,
The haughty sinner and the vain,
Who Virtue and her votaries despise ;
These meet the foe,
With dread of woe,
And view his face with terror and surprize :
CONSCIENCE awake, an awful scene presents,
This world receding out of sight —
The Judge array'd in glories bright —
The contrast of that dismal night,
Which soon will overspread
That man's devoted head,
Who boldly dares to sin, but dies and ne'er
repents.

4 MISCELLANIES.

ON THE
RESURRECTION,
A PINDARIC ODE.

Composed at the Age of 18 Years.

WHEN from his royal throne the LORD
descends,
With majesty array'd
And hither bends
His course, to wake the slumb'ring dead,
And raise the body from its dusty bed,
Nature will tremble at the sight,
The sun be turned into night,
The moon withdraw her silver light!
Earth to its centre shake;
Its firm foundations greatly quake;
The heav'n's dissolve with fervent heat;
The planets fall;
Stars against stars high in the air shall meet,
And wild confusion spread around this massy ball.

An heav'nly band
Of angels bright
Attend their Lord from yonder skies;
At whose command
(After a long and darksome night)
Whole tribes and nations from the dust with
sudden fear arise,

The

MISCELLANIES.

5

The trump of God with dreadful sound
Shall cleave and rend the teeming ground,
And pierce the ears of those who sleep ;
Its echo loud shall through the world rebound,
And thund'ring roar
From shore to shore,
And rouse Death's captives from the grave, and
pris'ners from the deep.

The scatter'd ashes of the dead,
And each dispersed bone,
How vastly wide soever spread ;
If by the winds to distant climates blown,
Will then together meet—each atom join its own ;
Dust shall unite with fellow-dust,
And form the man it form'd at first ;
The hapless clay at once revive,
The wither'd flesh shall be renew'd ;
Death will no more
Exert his pow'r
Over the new-rais'd multitude,
Which is immortal grown, and must for ever live,

The pious soul in that last day,
With wings of joy will haste away
From heav'n, serene abode !
Its former body cheerful meet,
Then back united go, to make compleat
Their happiness with God ;

JESUS

Jesus will call the just his *own*,
 Before celestial hosts confess their names ;
 Will seat them on his glorious throne,
 While all their hearts *seraphic love* inflames :
 Each sacred tongue
 Will tune a song
 Of joy and endless praise ;
 Immortal siniles, perpetual peace,
 Shall every bosom fill, and clothe each face,
 And all the blest to God loud halelujahs raise.

But guilty wretches from the grave ascend,
 To live an everlasting night
 In anguish and despair ;
 The soul (companion here
 In sinful pleasure and delight
 With its polluted body) will unite
 Its pristine tenement ; then sink to sorrow without
 end :
 A resurrection sad, to dwell
 Where God his awful justice shows ;
 Better ten thousand thousand years to sleep,
 Yea, from the chambers of the grave ne'er creep,
 Than rise to duplicated woes,
 And mis'ry too intense for human lips to tell.

A REFLECTION ON THE
MORNING.

From HARVEY.

IN summer's morn, before the golden sun,
To yonder eastern hill his course had run,
Cool was the air ; the meadows moist with dew,
And Nature's face display'd a verdant hue ;
Scarce had the noisy world shook off repose,
Or *business* from refreshing sleep arose ;
The puking drunkard was but just reel'd home,
And from intoxicating wine the *riot* come ;
All was serene ; each neighbouring village still,
And solemn silence did the country fill :
T'inspire a pure tranquillity of mind,
And seriousness of thought, was all inclin'd.

High in the air the lark had wing'd her way,
Her song to tune, and greet the opening day ;
Her warbling notes from gentle slumbers bring
The hind to labour and the birds to sing :
Companion of the dawn ! O ! may I rise
Early as those, to bring my sacrifice !
Parent of mercies, and of blessings, praise ;
And God adore who multiplies my days !

How pleasant at this *hour of prime* to rove
thro' the gay meadow or sequester'd grove,

To

8 MISCELLANIES.

To view the beauties of the painted lawn,
And taste the sweetness of the balmy dawn.
Shall man his time in ease luxurious waste?
Sleep out his days, that fly with rapid haste?
While the bright regent of the circling year
Daily pursues his ever-full career;
While feather'd tribes, soft choristers of *May*,
An early homage to their Maker pay.

Look up and view the spacious æther round,
Where light'nings flash, and awful thunders sound;
Where gather'd tempests burst with sudden rage,
And lawless winds in dreadful war engage:
Admire the greatness of that *GOD*, O! man!
Who metes th' amazing circuit with a span;
Who in his scale the hills and mountains weighs;
Whose ample hand contains the restless seas!
Behold the Sun, refulgent lord of day,
Wing from the chambers of the East his way;
At whose approach the billows* of the air
Retire, and leave his fiery passage clear!
See! with what pompous majesty the God
Of untaught *Persians* walks his heav'nly road;
How fierce his rays! his countenance how bright!
At once diffusing genial heat and Night.

Should that old orb its glowing beams conceal,
Eternal darkness would this system veil;

* Clouds.

MISCELLANIES. 9

Each beauteous scene that charms the ravish'd eye
Would sink in shadows, and in coldness die :
In vain we seek thro' midnight gloom to view
Trees, fountains, temples, or fair *Flora's* hue ;
Statues and tombs, that royal ashes keep,
Lie undistinguish'd, as a mingled heap ;
All one rude scene and barren waste appear ;
Here stands Confusion, and wild Chaos *there*.

But when *Hyperion*, ruler of the day,
Hath chas'd the sable train of night away ;
A glorious prospect opens to the sight,
Fields cloath'd in green, and heav'n's o'erspread
with light :
A pleasing beauty thro' Creation reigns,
Trees grace the hills, and flow'rs adorn the plains ;
Ten thousand objects feast our wond'ring eyes ;
Ten thousand landscapes dress'd in diff'rent dyes.

Just as the radiant fountain of all light
Darkness dispels and dissipates the night,
Sheds rays prolific o'er the teeming earth,
And gives to di'monds and to fossils birth ;
So the fair " Sun of Righteousness " displays
His healing brightness and reviving rays,
To cheer the penitent and drooping heart,
And light and knowledge to the blind impart.

Whene'er the goodness of our God we praise,
For varied seasons and revolving days,
Our songs should then in sacred consort join,
For greater blessings, lasting and divine.

1748.

Cætera desunt.

C

THE

THE BUTTERFLY AND BOY,

A FABLE.

'T WAS on a day serene and fair;
 The sun was bright and æther clear;
 The rocking winds were lull'd to rest,
 And ev'ry murmuring gale suppress'd;
 When, tempted by th' alluring heat,
 A FLY forsook her green retreat,
 To feel the fervour of the skies,
 And tinge her wings with rainbow-dyes;
 Busy she rov'd her pathless tour,
 And borrow'd paint from ev'ry flow'r;
 Till deck'd with all the insect grace,
 She sparkled gayest of her race.

In all her painting, pomp and pride,
 The *winged gem* a boy espy'd;
 Who, pleas'd to see how bright it shone,
 Resolv'd to make the prize his own;
 And strait with speed began to chase
 The gilded *Fly* from place to place:
 But, conscious of some danger near,
 The *tawdry flirt* her course would steer
 Now high—then low—now here—then there, }
 To baulk the aim, or shun the blow,
 She dreaded from her pu'rile foe.

The

The Lad, still eager to pursue
The *Fly* that always kept in view,
Undaunted ran from morn till noon,
In hopes to grasp the fancy'd boon.
At length, while sweat bedew'd his face,
And almost weary of the chase,
The *Fly* "in evil hour" is caught,
And homeward by the captor brought;
Who vainly thought the pretty spoil
Would more than recompense his toil:
But whilst with pleasure and surprize
Her form and beauty feast his eyes,
The *Fly* escapes and mounts the skies;
With rally'd force renews her flight,
And quick evades his keenest fight:
Then he (deluded youth) gave o'er
All hope to find the wand'rer more;
Enrag'd, condemns his cruel fate,
And weeps his folly—but too late.

Thus thoughtless mortals waste their days
In search of pleasure, wealth, or praise;
They hunt for titles and for fame,
And risk their souls to gain a—NAME;
Chase ev'ry glittering toy they spy,
Just as the Lad pursu'd the *Fly*,
And ere they grasp the *bauble*—die.

REFLECTION.

LET not my soul, the vain pursuit
Of earthly bliss, employ
The precious moments of that time
Thou can'st but once enjoy !

O ! ne'er a fleeting hour exchange
For sublunary joys !
But leave to *Fools* their tinsel state,
And *Butterflies* to *Boys*.

Feb. 2d. 1749-50.

ON THE SPRING.

WELCOME ! reviving, genial *May* !
Hail long-expected Spring !
At thy approach Creation's gay,
And plumed Warblers sing.

The blooming trees fresh sweets disclose,
And raise their beauties high ;
The tulip, hyacinth, and rose,
Delight the ravish'd eye.

The

The plains a florid prospect yield;
Each hill adorn'd with green,
Coolly o'er shades the lower field,
And variegates the scene.

The lowings of the milky herd
Long echo through the lawn;
Songs swell the throat of ev'ry bird,
While larks salute the dawn,

The Shepherd, arm'd with scip and crook,
His peaceful cottage flees;
And feeds his charge fast by some brook,
Where fans the balmy breeze.

Perhaps his *Pastorella's* smile,
Or blushing *Flora's* charms,
The ling'ring moments may beguile,
When circled in his arms.

O! Spring benign! with fragrant leaves
Long shade *Dorinda's* grove;
For there her *Damon* she receives—
There tunes her tongue to LOVE.

May, 1749.

AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

BENEATH this stone, in earth's cold clay,
A lovely maiden sleeps ;
Whose presence made the village gay ;
Whose death the village weeps.

Her bounteous hand reliev'd the poor,
And wip'd the orphan's eye ;
Her feet ne'er pass'd the widow's door,
Without a heart-born sigh.

Her pallid hand no more relieves,
Nor dries the orphan's tears ;
No more for others woe she grieves ;
No more their comfort shares.

Her life diffused joy around ;
Her death affliction spreads ;
No eye beholds this hallow'd ground,
But drops of sorrow sheds.

May all who view her modest tomb,
And this inscription read,
In truth prepare to meet her doom,
And mingle with the dead.

If youth or piety could save,
Or beauty shield from death,
She who now sleeps in this dark grave
Had never lost her breath.

Then think not, reader, to elude
The tyrant's pointed aim;
Death to no parly will be woo'd,
By virtue's fairest claim!

1748.

AN EPITAPH ON
MISS NANCY THOMAS,
OF C—WBRIDGE IN W—S;

WHO WAS EXTREMELY PEEVISH IN HER TEMPER,
AND TOOK PLEASURE IN SCANDALIZING
HER FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE.

UNDER this clod lies *Nancy Thomas*,
By Death, in kindness, taken from us;
Unknown of what disease she dy'd—
Some say "of vapours," some "of pride:"
Be that as 'twill, here lies her honour,
Or else this stone tells fibbs upon her.

ON

16 MISCELLANIES.

ON THE POWER OF GOD.

WHEN we survey the starry host,
Or waves that dash the winding coast,
Or view yon orb of light;
Gaze on the massy worlds that roll
Thro' boundless space, and gild the pole,
Or mark the queen of night :

When thunders spread an awful sound,
And lightnings dart their flames around,
Or meteors cut the air ;
When nitrous *Ætna* smokes and burns,
Or earth her cities overturns,
The *hand of power* is there.

His *might* is seen where mountains rise,
Where cedars emulate the skies,
And where the whirlwinds rage ;
If nature's volume we unfold,
With wonder we therein behold
God's *greatness* in each page.

Archangels that surround his throne ;
Infernal fiends that dread his frown,
And tremble at his nod ;
Alike *omnipotence* declare ;
Those by their homage, *these* by fear,
Aloud proclaim a God.

The

The horse that bounds along the plain ;
 Th' enormous whale that swells the main ;
 The lizard and the snake ;
 The smallest animated fly,
 That shuns the most enquiring eye,
Almighty pow'r bespeak.

In man, creation's noblest boast,
 (Alas ! how fall'n, how chang'd, how lost !)
 His Maker's *might* we trace ;
 Could we to heav'n's high region soar,
 Or sink to worlds below—his *pow'r*
 Is felt in ev'ry place.

1749.

DETACHED THOUGHTS

ON THE
OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE
OF GOD.

“ Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ? If I ascend into heaven thou art there ; if I make my bed in hell, behold ! thou art there : thy knowledge is too wonderful for me : it is so high that I cannot attain unto it.”

DAVID.

————— “ Heav’n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep track of hell.”

MILTON.

BEYOND those azure regions of the sky,
Where the chaste Moon her solitary way
With silent pace pursues ; beyond the orb,
Distant and wide, which Saturn slowly forms ;
Beyond the elliptic paths where comets stray,
And lose their lights in undiscovered worlds ;
Beyond where stars, remote from mortal eye,
Or angels view, transmit their vivid rays ;
Fountain of light ! in thine own light thou sitt’st
Enthron’d ; and from thy presence issues light,
The universe around ; nor height, nor depth,
Nor far nor near (to creatures known) are known
To Thee, whose comprehensive mind surveys
Immensities at once ; and in whose eye

Th’

Th' extensive heav'n's diminish to a point ;
Compar'd with Thee, diminish into nought.

Do THOU, whose presence fills infinity,
Who know'st my uniform'd thoughts and secret
views,

Forgive *this* bold attempt, if ought of ill
Thine eye discovers here : if Thou approve
What aims to hold thy glory forth to man,
To strike his heart with pious fear of guilt,
And all his soul with awe of Thee impress,
Assist my Muse, and prosper her design !

Whither, thro' all creation's ample space,
Shall finite being from thy presence flee ?
Or thine inspection shun ? In fancy's flight
If heav'n's high realm we reach, thou dwellest
there

In majesty sublime—or should we seek
In hell's remotest shades retreat from thee,
Thy presence there in wrath and pow'r is felt :
If, where the dead in earth's close chamber's sleep,
We hide ourselves, thine hand will find us there :
With wings, more rapid than a solar ray,
Could we the seas extreme limits find,
Where the ship's keel ne'er cut the yielding wave,
Nor eagle's pinions beat the ambient air,
Thy presence there would compass us about—
Darkness and light, vicissitudes to man,
To Thee are both alike ! as shines the day,
So shine to Thee the curtains of the night.

Who warns her profelytes to shun the paths
That leads to sorrow, infamy and death !

As from thy ken, omniscient God ! no guilt
Can lie conceal'd ; so known to thee at once
Is every pious purpose of the soul,
E'er into action brought ; thine eye inspects
The deep recesses of the human heart,
And sees the first benevolent design
There form'd to honour thee, and bless mankind :
The cordial pray'r, uncloath'd with words, ascends
In still ejaculations up to thee,
Who ever-present art, to mark and hear
Each thought devotional in secret breath'd :
No alms of kindness, by the world unseen,
Are lost with thee, whose gracious mind records
The generous deed, nor will forget to place
To his account a tenfold recompence,
Who deals with lib'ral hand the chearful gifts :
Guilt with impunity can ne'er escape,
Nor modest Virtue unrewarded pass ;
Since Grace and Truth conspicuous shine in Him,
Who knows all thoughts, and ev'ry heart explores.

Thou, O most High ! the sov'reign Lord of All,
To temples made with hands art not confin'd ;
So spake the inspired * Convert, who at Athens

With

* The reader, who is conversant with the Bible,
will observe, that the author, when composing this
poetic

With Epicurus' scholars held dispute,
 Of high concern, on deity and worship—
 The gods of Ægypt, Africa, and Greece
 Were local, and ne'er present but when seen;
 The work of man's device; fix'd to one niche,
 Beyond whose narrow sphere they never move,
 Nor hear, nor see, devoid of pow'r to save:
 The Hebrews' God, and God whom Christians
 serve,
 All heav'n with glory fills; and fills the earth
 With goodness infinite; celestial realms
 Prescribe to him no bounds, much less the house
 That's to his honour built by holy hands:
 In ancient days the *Shekinah* divine,
 Bright symbol of his presence, radiant shone
 The mercy-seat above, and token gave
 That God was there, the Oracle of Truth;
 The token visible is now withdrawn
 From solemn places, where the righteous meet
 His face to seek, and celebrate his praise:
 No symbol sensible is now vouchsaf'd
 To tell his worshipers that God is nigh;
 Yet still his gracious presence he makes known,
 Diffusing by his spirit joy and light
 To souls devout, who in assemblies join
 His name to venerate with hearts sincere.

poetic Essay, had his thoughts on those sublime passages of scripture (particularly the 139th psalm) which describe the *Omnipresence* and *Omniscience* of the Great Jehovah, in language more than human.

Dread

Dread to approach with feigned lips to him,
Who ev'ry aim and secret motive knows ;
Whose eye detects Hypocrisy within,
And sees Dissimulation thro' the mask
Of outward Sanctity, which mocks mankind
With pious shew, but never God deceives ;
Whose property it is the reins to sear,
And trace the windings of a treach'rous heart.

They who in singleness of soul and truth,
From ostentation free, their Maker serve,
A sure reward will meet ; with transport hear
The voice of Conscience whisper—*All is well* :
This peaceful whisper Death will not disturb
When he his summons reads, nor leave to mourn
The sicken'd heart, from earthly comforts wean'd
By toys fantastic, by repeated woes,
By empty pleasures, whose delusive sound
The listener charms, like that reputed Snake
Which captivates to death the silly bird
With fascinating rattle—wean'd from earth
And mortal things, by hope of future bliss :
His sacred presence which impress'd their minds,
In scenes of chequer'd life, with upright awe,
Thro' the world's busy walks, or silent paths
Religion loves to tread, will shed a ray
To light their passage to the Grave obscure,
And guide them thence to happiness and rest :
His gracious presence once the gloom dispell'd
That spread the valley round, where Terror made

Her

Her dark abode with death ; so sung the King, *
 (Less for his sceptre than devotion fam'd)
 When standing on the verge of that dire vale
 Each human foot in some sure hour must press.
 The heav'nly hope that in his bosom glow'd
 With manly fortitude his soul inspir'd,
 And taught his lips a language all divine.
 " Yea, † tho' I plunge amid the dreary shades
 That darken on the grave, no evil then
 My stedfast heart shall fear, nor sink alarm'd
 When Death shall compass me with cold embrace,
 For thou art with me there ; thine arm supports
 My feeble steps ; thy presence gilds my way ;
 Smooths the black stream that rolls the vale along,
 And mingles sweetness with the bitter cup."

Ye mortals frail ! who judge another's heart,
 First judge your own, and leave the omniscient God
 To judge on all, whose censure or applause
 Justice will rule, and mete to ev'ry man
 According to his deeds, in that Great Day
 When he in righteousness the world shall judge.
 The hot disputes on controverted points,
 Religion's bane, will then no audience find
 Unless to be reprov'd ; opinions weigh
 Light in the ballance *Equity* sustains,
 Tho' heavy in the scale the partial hand
 Of *Bigotry* supplies with weights unjust :

• *David.*

† Vide Psalm 23.

Conceit

Conceit of self gives standard to his own,
And self-conceit makes others counterfeit.

Self, little self, great idol of the soul,
Usurps prerogative of GOD, and from him takes
The right to judge of hearts : —Who will be fav'd,
If man censorious should decide on man ?
All but his vot'ries, bold *Mahommed* shuts
The gates of sensual paradise against :
The *Pope* condemns the Protestant to hell ;
The *Heretic* supposed, with unkind zeal,
From heav'n's full bliss the *Catholic* excludes ;
*Servetus** in Geneva suffer'd death
At *Calvin's* instigation, who made boast
Of that unchristian deed, which on his name
A spot has left no time can wash away,
Nor artifice conceal ; *Socinus* sends
The *Calvinist* to where *Arminius*
Sends them both ; and *Arius* by his tenets

* *Michael Servetus*, a Spaniard, revived the doctrine of *Arius* (a Presbyter at *Alexandria* in the year 324) in a Treatise which he published in 1531 ; at the instigation of *Calvin*, *Farellus* and *Viretus*, three famous Divines at *Geneva*, the magistrates expelled him the city by a decree of the senate, which forbade him to return upon pain of death. *Servetus* returning to *Geneva*, was apprehended and imprisoned, and soon after burnt (*me autore*, at my instigation, says *Calvin*) for his disobedience and heresy.

Calvin's Epist. ad Sulcer.

E

Con-

Condemns them all, and makes religion blush :
 Censures, as wild, 'mongst numerous sects prevail,
 (Who of dissent, from forms established, claim
 The private right, yet scruple to allow
 A right in others to dissent from them
 In speculative points, of doubtful sense)
 And finite in open day ; their pulpits found
 Respective safety or respective woe ;
Safety to those whose modes of faith agree,
 Or tally with their own—to others, *woe*.

Thus CHARITY, of heav'n the fairest child,
 By nurses numberless is overlain ;
 And in her stead is foster'd up a babe
 Of spurious brood, misnam'd *Religious Zeal*.

Who judgment must expect, yet err themselves
 Unknowing of the heart, should fear to judge ;
 But leave Omniscience to pronounce at last
 The sentence that concludes the state of all.

The following EPITAPH was written many years ago on Dr. BURNETT, Bishop of Salisbury; and the PARODY on it was composed by an ingenious Friend, who gave both to me; and as I believe that neither of these little Pieces was ever published, I have taken the liberty to print them in these Miscellanies.

HERE Sarum lies,
 Of late as wise
 And learn'd as *Tom Aquinas*;
 Lawn sleeves he wore,
 But was no more
 A Christian than *Socinus*.

Oaths *pro* and *con*
 He'd swallow down;
 Lov'd wealth like any layman;
 And as, 'tis told,
 He often sold
 God's holy Church for Mammon.

Of ev'ry vice
 He had a spice,
 Tho' a renown'd prelate;
 And liv'd and dy'd,
 (Or he's bely'd)
 A strict dissenting zealot.

If such a soul
 To heav'n is stole,
 And 'scap'd old Satan's clutches;
 We may presume,
 There will be room
 For *Marlb'rough* and his Dutcheſs.

THE PARODY.

HERE *Sarum* lies,
 Late learn'd and wiſe,
 By all good men applauded;
 Lawn ſleeves he wore,
 And grac'd them more
 Than ever little *Laud* did.

Oaths *pro* and *con*
 To ſwallow down
 He never condeſcended;
 Nor ever fold
 God's church for gold,
 But her true faith defended.

He had no ſpice
 Of any vice;
 A juſt, renowned prelate:
 Nor liv'd and dy'd
 (As he's bely'd)
 A ſtrict diſſenting zealot.

He's

He's now at rest
 Among the blest,
 For such souls ne'er miscarry;
 Where we'll presume
 There is no room
 For * *Robin, Jon, or Harry.*

AN ELEGY ON A YOUNG LADY,
 WHO DIED AT C——k IN A CONSUMPTION,
 1783.

AS spreads in spring the tender bloom,
 Replete with beauty and perfume,
 The pleasing pledges of approaching fruit;
 The eye delighted views the scene,
 Compos'd of purple, red, and green;
 When lo! a blasting wind destroys
 Th' op'ning blossoms of our joys,
 Or worms in secret waste the vital root:
 Then like a dream,
 Or rapid stream,
 Our hopeful prospects pass
 And fade more sudden than the grass;

* Alluding to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's; and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

With

With grief we see
 The smitten tree,
 From which our expectation sprung,
 Now ever fled,
 Because is dead
 Th' extending branch on which they lately hung.

So Death cuts off in early hours
 The young, who flourish like the flow'rs
 That captivate the eye ;
 Awhile regale our ev'ry sense ;
 Sweetness and pleasure wide dispense,
 Then droop their heads and die.

Thus, like some flow'r, *Corinna* sprung,
 Fresh, blooming, debonair and young,
 O'er whom her parents fondly hung
 With raptures ever new ;
 Returning days their hopes increase ;
 Comforts in prospect rise apace,
 Then vanish as the dew.

Amidst the transports of this scene,
 Bright as the summer, and serene,
 A cloud o'erspreads their sky ;
 Their fancied prospects disappear,
 Their hopes are changed into fear,
 And all their comforts die.

Consumption pale, with ling'ring woe,
By silent steps and progress flow,
Reduces youth and vigour low,
 As tedious moments pass;
On the grave's verge the patient stands,
While cruel Death, with unseen hands,
Shakes down the few remaining stands
 That loiter in life's glass,

Then drops to dust "the house of clay;"
Th' immortal tenant wings her way
To realms of bliss and endless day;
Releas'd from sickness and from pain,
 And ev'ry earthly care;
From things that *Wisdom* reckons vain,
 But *Folly* counts most dear.

From dust the dead
A lecture read,
Of import strong
To all the young,
Who trifling kill their hours;
 To all the sage
Who bend with age,
Yet simply think
 (While down they sink)
Their bodies feel no weaken'd pow'rs.

Tho' silent should the grave remain,
Nor warning give
To those who live,
Or speaking, speak in vain:

Yet

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Nor warning give
To those who live,
Or speaking, speak in vain:

Yet

Yet from the skies
A speaker cries,
With solemn voice and loud ;
“ Return agen,
“ Ye fons of men !
If humble, or if proud.

“ Return ye fons of pomp and pow’r
“ To dust from whence ye came ;
“ Your envied splendor is no more,
“ And sullied all your fame.

“ Return, who lawn’d and mitred are,
“ To others leave the purple robe ;
“ Return, ye thunderbolts of war,
“ Whose wild ambition thins the globe !

“ Ye fons of labour and of toil,
“ On earth’s cold lap repose ;
“ Where hands of rapine never spoil,
“ Nor fill the world with woes.

“ Ye who in want or bondage pine,
“ Ye devotees at *Mammon’s* shrine,
“ To sure destruction turn !
“ Return ye *Nimrods* of the earth,
“ Who gave to dire oppression birth,
“ And still with rancour burn !

“ Ye

“ Ye thoughtless gay,
 “ Who wanton stray
 “ Through Fancy’s flow’ry meads !
 “ Turn down your feet
 “ To that retreat
 Which Death obscures with shades !

“ Return ye penitent and wise
 “ To chambers in the dust,
 “ Where sleep the pious and the just,
 “ ’Till summon’d to arise
 “ In that awful day
 “ Of joy and dismay,
 “ When the archangel’s trumpet shall sound from
 on high,
 “ And alarm all the dead that in earth or sea
 lie :”

Then *Corinna* shall awake,
 And heav’nly robes assume ;
 To bliss, on cherub’s wings, her passage take,
 And leave *Mortality* behind within her tomb.

ALPHABETICAL LINES

To MISS B—.

Composed in 1748.

AND must so fair, so delicate a form,
 Be soon reduc'd to dust, and feed a worm?
 Can man believe (and not express surprize)
 Death will e'er close thy lovely sparkling eyes?
 Each feature spoil, destroy each comely grace?
 From the young nymph! whatever charms, efface?
 Gay as the beauteous maid may now appear,
 Her spirits lively and complexion fair;
 In hour uncertain may the scene be chang'd,
Kala depart, and with the dead be rang'd;
 Learn hence to check insinuating pride:
Memento mori—you're to dust ally'd:
 No self-exalting thoughts should swell your breast,
 Or be indulg'd to whisper—"You are best:"
 Prepare with meekness to resign your breath;
 Quell false ambition, and reflect on death;
 Rate not yourself on beauty, birth or wit,
 Since beauty, wit and birth to fate submit;
 Trace the choice *worthies* of yon world above;
 Vie with your sex in virtue, truth and love;
 Use ev'ry moment to ensure a place,
 Where joys abound, and troubles ever cease;
 Yield dress and trifles to the vainly gay;
 Zealous be thou thy Maker to obey.

A D I-

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
ROLLO AND MARINDA.

MARINDA *bemoaning herself alone.*

TELL, purling brooks and fountains as ye
flow!

Tell! tell the vales and woods *Marinda's* woe!
Ye chrystal streams meand'ring thro' the meads,
And gentle zephyrs whisp'ring in the glades,
Lament *Marinda's* sad forsaken state!
Bemoan, alas, bemoan her cruel fate!
Tell, as ye glide, how faithless *Rollo* proves!
Say, how successful true *Marinda* loves!
The fawning *Walla* * is supremely blest,
Hath *Rollo* stol'n, and hangs upon his breast:
A loss so great *Marinda* can't survive,
Nor in his absence condescend to live;
Yon swelling flood shall be my better friend,
And love, and pain, and poor *Marinda* end.

ROLLO *meeting her.*

What means *Marinda*! this unseemly plight?
Why mourns the object of my best delight?
Is sister *Phillis* dead? Hath *Hobbin* chid?
Or some insatiate fox devour'd a kid?

* *Marinda's* supposed rival.

MARINDA.

Ah ! faithless man, no tender-kid hath bled ;
 No father chid me, nor is sister dead :
 But thou hast prov'd, false *Rollo* ! too ingrate ;
 Hast chosen *Walla* for thy bosom-mate —
 How hard, alas ! how hard 's *Marinda*'s fate. }

ROLLO.

Dear, charming maid ! discard these needless fears,
 Suppress thy grief, and wipe descending tears ;
 No love for *Walla* sways me, I protest ;
Marinda reigns sole Empress o'er my breast.

MARINDA.

Go, base, deceitful wretch ! forbear such lies !
 Thy looks bewray a villain in disguise :
 You danc'd with *Walla* at the country wake ;
 Gave her a treat of *Nelkin*'s ale and cake ;
 At night you led her through the hawthorn grove,
 And kiss'd — sure earnest of your future love.

ROLLO.

May *Crop*,* forfake me ! lightnings round me
 spread,
 And loud resistless thunders strike me dead !
 If e'er affection I for *Walla* shew'd,
 Or once the proud, officious creature woo'd :
 My eyes ne'er saw her at the grove or wake ;
 I never kiss'd ; nor gave her ale and cake.

* His dog.

MA.

MARINDA.

Besides, young *Cleon* met you Whinfun-night :

ROLLO.

Cleon's a vile, detested, treach'rous wight.

MARINDA.

Refrain your rage—With *Walla* at your side.

ROLLO.

Shall I by this base miscreant be bely'd ?
No—I'll go fetch the villain from the plough,
And make him prove it, or I'll black his brow.

MARINDA.

Stay, furious man !—the cutting sequel hear !
You call'd her *charming, lovely, duckling, dear* ;
Close press'd her lips, and softly squeez'd her hand,
Then fix'd the day to tie the nuptial band.

ROLLO.

Let not the sun with one indulgent ray
Rise on the morning, nor refresh the day !
But fearful darkness o'er the heav'ns be spread,
When I the subtle, peevish *Walla* wed !

MARINDA.

Can I these many, solemn vows believe,
And to thy protestations credit give ?
Cleon might fib *Marinda* to deceive !

}

ROL-

ROLLO.

All these malicious stories *Cleon* said,
To rob thy *Rollo* of his envy'd maid ;
Marinda only is the girl I love,
Soft as the swan, and faithful as the dove ;
For you I languish, and for you I sigh ;
Believe and love, *Marinda*, or I die !

MARINDA.

Rollo ! I find my melting heart incline
To think thy passion real and divine ;
If so—remove *Marinda*'s sick'ning grief,
And let some token strengthen my belief !

ROLLO.

This ring, enamell'd with *Marinda*'s name,
Strongly confirms thy *Rollo*'s glowing flame ;
This silver hook will ev'ry shepherd shew,
That he who gave it scorns to be untrue :
Accept these presents, friendly, tho' not great ;
If I prove false, they'll witness my deceit.

MARINDA.

My constant, faithful *Rollo* ! I approve
These pretty gifts, as tokens of thy love.

ROLLO.

Let some sweet off'ring now seal firmly thine :

MARINDA.

My heart, dear *Rollo* ! shall establish mine.

AN EPIGRAM.

TWO men of high honour had once a debate
On *Freedom of Will* and the *Doctrine of Fate* ;
One firmly asserted that Freedom of Will
Would lead men to ravish, to rob and to kill :
The other affirm'd that the Doctrine of Fate
Would tempt them to do so, or sooner or late ;
For if they believe that no act is their own,
No law will e'er bind them from man's or God's
 throne :
To end this dispute soon a Duel ensues ;
The time, place and weapons, and seconds they
 chuse :
They fight—they both fall—each was heard to
 repeat,
“ Sir, you've now had *your Will* ” — “ and you,
 Sir, have *your Fate* .”

The combatants live, and resume the dispute ;
They rail'd at each other, but could not confute :
The tale, by some means, reach'd the ears of their
 king,
Who said, “ This debate to an issue I'll bring,
And the duellists both to their sorrow shall see,
That *Fate* and *Free-Will* are each subjects to me.”
A saw-pit's prepar'd by the royal command,
And in it the disputants order'd to stand ;

Each

Each a blunderbuss held, so charged with ball,
That *Fate* nor *Free-Will* could prevent both their
fall.

“ Now where’s *Freedom of Will?* ” the *Fatalist*
cries :

“ And where is *your Fate?* ” his opponent replies.
One renounc’d his *Free-Will*—the other curst *Fate* ;
They discharge — they both die — so ends the
debate.

If contests for honour, that counterfeit jewel,
Were thus to be finish’d, then who’d fight a DUEL,

A POETICAL VERSION

*Of Part of the 15th Chap. of the 1st Epist. to the
CORINTHIANS attempted.*

HE who was once to angels and to men
A spectacle of woe on Calv'ry's mount,
By dreadful Golgotha, the place of skulls,
Where, lifted on the cross, his blood was shed
A precious ransom to redeem mankind,
And in the flinty sepulchre repos'd—
Now from the dust and darkness of the grave,
Cold region of the dead, to light and life
Is ris'n ; for how in bondage long shall Death
Detain Him pris'ner, whose almighty hands
Of Death and Hell possess the massy keys ?
Is ris'n—and rising earnest gave to all
Who sleep in Him, that they through Him shall
wake,
When the glad dawning of the latter morn,
Dispels the shades that hang around the tomb :
Thus the first fruits of harvest were the pledge,
And promise gave of plenty to succeed.

By man's offence as Death an entrance found
To this waste world, so by one sinless Man
Came from the dead a Resurrection sure ;
For as in Adam all his children die ;
So shall, in Christ, be made alive the dead :
But all in order rise ; the first fruits, Christ ;

G

And

And after, they who are the Saviour's charge,
 When He a second time from heav'n shall come,
 With hosts angelic glitt'ring in his train.
 When He to God, the Father, shall resign
 His delegated kingdom, then takes place
 The consummation of all earthly things;
 When Rule, Authority and Pow'r by Him
 Shall be subdu'd, and fall before his throne:
 For, 'till his foes are vanquish'd at his feet,
 His mediatorial empire ceases not;
 Death, the last enemy to man on earth,
 Shall be the last destroy'd, and rise no more
 To spread his conquests o'er the human race;
 For things in heav'n and earth, and things in hell,
 Are in subjection put to God's own Son:
 But when the Father saith, "Beneath his feet
 All things are put," excepted then is He
 Who underneath His feet subdu'd the whole;
 And when to Him all things are subject made,
 Then shall the Son himself be subject too,
 That God may, All in All, for ever reign.

Else where the Hope, or what the future End
 Of those, who persecuting tortures bear,
 In firm belief the dead shall rise again,
 If in the dust they sleep to wake no more?
 Why, for defence of this reviving Faith,
 Are they, with suff'rings long and sore, baptiz'd?
 And why do we, professors of *that Faith*,
 In its support like suff'rings feel, and pass

In

In jeopardy our lives ? — By all the joys
Which faith and hope, in Christ the Lord, inspire,
My protestations are, that for this Truth
Fearless I stand, to daily death expos'd !
If (so to speak, as men to speak are want,
Or cruel custom is) at Ephefus
With beasts I have encounter'd, what to me
Of benefit accrues for all the toil
And danger of the strife, if from their graves
The dead shall ne'er revive, but hopeless lie,
To silence, darkness, and oblivion doom'd ?

If such the state of all who pass life's goal,
And bodies no existence but on earth,
A dissipated scene shall e'er enjoy ;
Then join the feast where Epicures regale
The pamper'd appetite ; nor spare the bowl
Replete with blood the purple vintage yields ;
On Riot's neck throw loose the reigns of Lust,
And sport with Libertines in jocund mirth ;
Nor dread the coming day or hand of Death,
Whose pow'r effects no more of Ill than this,
To close the Banquet, and dismiss the Guests:

Be not deceiv'd by maxims Folly reads
With voice enchanting to her simple sons !
The baneful converse of the vicious world
Corrupts good manners, and pollutes the soul.
Awake to righteous deeds, and shun the paths
And gilded snares that lead to social sin !

Some from the means of knowing God shut up,
 (Save what the feeble light of Nature gives)
 In moral virtue shine; while those who live
 Where Revelation sheds her heav'nly rays,
 Neglect to follow Truth—this to their shame,
 And just reproof the Great Apostle speaks.

Curious and captious, some may boldly ask,
 What pow'r is equal to the arduous work
 Of raising up the dead? Or others say,
 With what peculiar bodies will they come?
 Infatuated man! the seed thou sow'st,
 Except it die, is quick'ned not to life:
 The seed committed to the fertile soil
 (Suppose it wheat, or grain of other kind)
 Is *merely* corn, of blade and stalk devoid,
 But vegetates, in verdure and in form,
 A body diff'rent from the scatter'd seed;
 For God a body gives, as pleases Him,
 And to each seed a body of its own:
 All flesh is not the same, but varies much;
 One kind of man; of beasts another is;
 Of fishes and of birds a diff'rent sort:
 Bodies there are of pure celestial mould,
 And bodies form'd terrestrial, base and frail;
 One is the splendor the celestial wear;
 The earthly take another, and less bright:
 One radiant glory of the Sun there is;
 The modest Moon another lustre beams;
 Another sparkles from the varied Stars;

As

As some in glory other stars excel,
 (Their magnitude and distance not the same)
 So shine the new-rai'd bodies of the Just
 In brighter form, than those they left on earth
 To worms obscure, companions and a prey.
 Corrupted, to the grave the body drops ;
 In incorruption rises up from thence ;
 It falls dishonour'd to its kindred dust,
 As one who loses victory in war ;
 But rises up array'd in glory full,
 And, like a Victor, is with triumph crown'd ;
 In weakness is it sown, but rais'd in pow'r ;
 A substance natural to earth is cast ;
 Rises refin'd, and purify'd to spirit :
 Bodies there are of Nature's painful birth,
 And spiritual bodies, heav'nly and sublime ;
 For thus of Man the written Record speaks,
 Adam, the *first*, a living soul was made ;
 The *last*, a spirit quickening, pure, and free
 From all the frailties cleaving to the former ;
 Yet that which spiritual is, was not the first,
 But that produc'd from Nature's pregnant womb :
 Of parent-earth the *first* man is, and earthy ;
 The *second*, Lord of all, from heav'n came down ;
 As is the earthy, such the earthy are,
 And as the heav'nly, such the heav'nly-born ;
 And as our mortal bodies once receiv'd
 The likeness of the earthy ; so, when rais'd,
 The image of the heav'nly will they bear,
 In glorious fashion and immortal bliss.

Now,

Now, brethren, this I say, that flesh and blood
The kingdom of our God inherit not,
Nor bodies vile with incorruption dwell:
Behold! a Truth from ages past conceal'd,
By Inspiration I declare to you;
A Truth — no flight of human thought can reach,
Nor angels comprehend — All shall not sleep
In death's embrace, but in a moment change,
Ere the thin membrane nictates o'er the orb
Of visual faculty, when sounds the trump,
For sound at last the solemn trumpet shall,
And incorruptible the dead be rais'd;
While we, the living, when the Saviour comes
From heav'n a second time, shall undergo
A sudden change, equivalent to Death,
To rising from the Grave, equivalent:
For this corruptible must be adorn'd
With raiment incorruptible, and bright
As is the day that compasses the throne
Of God most High, and lustre endless gives
To cherubs, angels, and archangels' wings:
This mortal body too shall then put on
Of immortality the spotless robe;
So when for incorruption, these our bodies
Shall have corruption chang'd; and mortal frames
With immortality shall vested be;
Then shall the Saying, written in the page
Of sacred Truth, be fully brought to pass,
"In conquest Death is swallow'd up, and lost."
O! King of Terrors! where is now thy sting?

And

And where thy vaunted victories, O! Grave?
Sin gives to Death his painful, poison'd sting,
And Sin from Law destructive pow'r derives:
But thanks unceasing be to God ascrib'd,
Who victory gives and triumph over both,
Through Jesus Christ, the Conqueror and Lord,

Wherefore, beloved! in the Christian *Faith*
Stedfast remain; immoveable in *Hope*,
As is the anchor, or the stable rock
Amid the swelling surges of the deep;
Abounding daily in your Master's *work*,
Well knowing this full source of present joy
Your labour in the Lord is not in vain.

AN EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Written at the request of his Father.

READER ! this faithful grave contains
 A much-lov'd infant's last remains ;
 Death, like a frost, hath nipt his bloom,
 And early sent him to the tomb ;
 Hence let the Young this lesson learn,
 ETERNITY's their great concern.

ON THE LUNAR ECLIPSE,

September 10, 1783.

YE fair Spectators of yon peaceful Queen,
 Whose lucid face oft gilds the midnight
 scene ;
 Whose friendly rays, in hours of youthful love,
 Your passage chequer'd thro' the winding grove ;
 This night behold her, in a full orb'd state,
 In fable walking, silent and sedate ;
 Earth's wide, extensive, interposing shade,
 Throws a *dark* veil o'er heav'n's peculiar maid ;

Who

Who, dress'd in black, moves solemn as the night,
And mourns the loss of intercepted light.

So ye, bright *Cynthias* ! in your gayest bloom,
Are sometimes clad with ensigns of the tomb ;
Earth's casual, shadowy, intervening things
Obscure the source, from whence your comfort
springs ;

Yet when the mantling clouds are pass'd o'er,
Ye charm with beauty radiant as before.

LETTERS, CHARACTERS,

AND

ESSAYS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



LETTERS, &c.

LETTER to the Rev. T. W. at G——t, in
answer to one he sent me (1750) intimating
that he was sorry to hear I was dead.

DEAR FRIEND!

Elysian Fields.

YOUR letter dated the 14th of *November*
did not come to hand till the 30th;
but I do not wonder it was so long before it
reached me, considering the difficulty and
delays in the passage over Styx, the negli-
gence of old Charon, and the immeasurable
distance between our world and yours; that
you should hear of my departure from the
little globe which you now inhabit, and
where men

“ Stalk about from day to day,

“ To draw fresh air and gaze upon the sun,”

is nothing strange, since the public prints
are punctual in announcing (*absit superbia*
dicto)

ditto) the deaths of eminent men, but how you should know where to direct to me is astonishing, as when I took flight from earth's vain shadowy scenes, I knew not, for certain, to what unknown regions I was then going; I would have written to my friend much sooner, but did not know there was an aerial post from G——t to the Elysian Fields, 'till I received your epistle. If an account of my abode, entertainment and pleasures in this place,

“ Where everlasting Spring abides,

“ And never with'ring flow'rs,”

will be acceptable, you have an imperfect one in the following lines :

My situation is agreeable and pleasant, surrounded with innumerable verdant groves and delightful prospects, where incorporeal songsters warble their enchanting notes, and sweetly tune their melodious tongues; a perennial spring flourishes throughout the country, and an unclouded sun illuminates the whole happy region; transparent and inexhaustible fountains flow in negligent and
beau-

beautiful meanders through the meadows, enamelled with amarinths, and as they wander over the gentle falls and cascades that lie in their way, make a rapturous consort with the melody of the Elysian birds: but it is the least part of my happiness to be thus charmingly surrounded with every thing that can delight the eye and ear—We, the inhabitants of this blissful world, are freed from the encumbrances of flesh, and can traverse from pole to pole with inconceivable velocity; swifter than the winged javelin, faster than the beams of day, and even quick as the most towering thought; *this moment* (I use such terms as you on earth understand) we can converse with fellow-spirits at *Orion*, the *next* with others at *Pliades*, and the *third* arrive at *Mazaroth*; no distance interrupts our intercourse with each other, for we can speed our flight (if we want new acquaintance) from the utmost point of the north to the remotest corners of the south, with the rapidity of an archangel. Should I enumerate all the privileges and felicities that await us in this perfect state, they would fill more volumes than all antiquity can produce, and before
you

56 MISCELLANIES.

you could read an hundred thousandth part of them, you would shake off your clay, and participate what was faintly described in them.

Pardon me, my friend, if I break off here, for it is impossible to confine the thoughts of an active spirit within the boundaries of a letter, and as impossible to describe in a million years what I enjoy in a single moment; here, then, I drop my celestial pen, and check the reins of my spiritual imaginations, lest a longer detail of the unembittered pleasures and felicity which I taste in this delightful residence, should be too great and transporting for your imprisoned soul to bear.

From your unembodied friend,

R. N.

P. S. I expect to see Mr. G——n's soul here soon, but it is not yet arrived.

To

TO THEOPHILUS.

SIR,

YOUR letter, (with the trifling composition that I lent you) came safe to hand; you were welcome to the perusal of it, and if you could extract any *fragrant sweets*, from *so mean a flower* (as you say you did) it gives me satisfaction and pleasure, and I shall not account the time lost that fled away, while I was committing it to paper.

I am much of your opinion, “ that *immortality* enhances the felicities of heaven;” it will, doubtless, give an additional lustre to its glories, and be one of the brightest jewels in the crown of life; in this circumstance, the righteous hereafter will be eminently assimilated to angels, and the ever blessed God, who only hath *immortality* of himself. Oh! how glorious will be the triumphs, how transcendant the joys of that approaching day, when “ Death shall be swallowed up in victory!” when “ this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal have

I

put

put on immortality," then how splendid a Being will the real Christian be! how different will be his state from what it is at present, when "his vile body shall be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body!"

In the morning of the resurrection, the ruins which death hath made, and continues to make, in this world, shall be all abundantly repaired, and those "houses of clay" which must moulder into dust and ashes, be reared up for immortality, and made fit for the reception of glorified and immaculate spirits. How does the soul

"In her dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

"Which light receives thro' chinks that time
hath made."

exult at such a prospect, and look with a sacred indifference on the pleasures and sorrows of this transitory life, where it has an happy *eternity* in view, as the grand object and completion of all its hopes!—Nay, Death itself loses much of its terror, when considered as a passport to the realms of everlasting life! could we but behold it in this amiable light—

"Oh!

“ Oh! then we should not start or shrink

“ To cross Death’s narrow sea;

“ Nor linger, shiv’ring, on the brink,

“ But long to launch away.”

May you and I be formed into a meetness
for so blessed, so honourable an exchange!
May we have a peaceful departure “ out
of the miseries of this sinful world,” and a
joyful interview in that better state, where
holiness will be the *perfection* of our natures,
and heavenly contemplation our constant
employment and delight! where will be no
fatigue of the body, no langour of spirit, no
coolness of affection, nor disparity in opi-
nion, for all there will be of “ one heart and
of one mind!” Would to God, that Chris-
tians on earth were more like to those in
heaven, in unity and love!

If I do not please, I am persuaded I shall
not disoblige you, by giving a little flight to
my feeble muse, especially as she touches on
a subject that is prevalent in your heart.

Come, leave, my soul! all earthly things!

Shake off the sordid cares of time!

Ascend on contemplation’s wings

To scenes celestial and sublime!

Enter the sacred Court above ;
 Awhile behold its glorious King ;
 Admire the greatness of his love,
 And praises to his mercy sing !

There joy appears in ev'ry face,
 And hallelujahs tune each tongue ;
 Redemption, thro' a Saviour's grace,
 Exalts the strain of ev'ry song.

Night dwells not there, but endless day
 Shines bright thro' all the happy place ;
 Then sighs and murmurs fly away,
 And sin and sorrows ever cease.

There streams of living water flow ;
 Rivers of perfect pleasure roll :
 Fast by the throne of God there grow
 Immortal fruits, to feast the soul.

There storms and tempests never rise,
 Nor sickness, pain, or grief molest ;
 In all the realms beyond the skies
 Is one eternal calm and rest.

Nor eye hath seen, nor mortals know
 What bliss the just shall taste above ;
 Where joys in sweet succession flow ;
 When seas and stars no longer move.

Haste

Haste on, old Time! ye moments fly;
 Come, blessed Saviour! quickly come!
 Death shall be welcome—for to die,
 Is only to be carried home.

I make no apology for writing to you in this strain, because I know you desire none; this is (I am convinced) a subject on which you often contemplate with devout pleasure, and on which your hopes centre with unshaken reliance.

I wish you in this world all that *deserves* to be called *happiness*, and the testimony of a good conscience, as the comfortable pledge of future beatitude; hoping to congratulate you hereafter on your possession of infinite glory, which will increase the felicity of him, who is your sincere friend,

Cranbrook,
 March 26, 1757.

R. N.

The

The following Letter was received many years past, and written to me by a young friend, in order to ridicule the abstruseness of some Systems of Metaphysical Philosophy, and the unintelligible manner in which the Advocates for these Systems express their thoughts.

“ If no man understands my meaning, then no man can justly convict me of error in opinion”—

Anon:—

MY OLD FRIEND!

London, 1754.

YOU are not a stranger to the mystery of the *seven properties* of nature, and therefore I shall shorten the matter. Nature, whether *eternal* or *temporal*, is That which comes not into Being for its *own self* or *to be That* which it *is in itself*, but for the sake of something that *it is not*, and has not; and this is the reason why Nature is only a Desire; it is because it is for the sake of something else; and is also the reason, why Nature in itself is only a *Torment*, because it is only a *strong Desire*, and cannot help itself to that which it wants, but is always *working against* itself.

Now

Now a Desire that cannot be stopped, nor get that which it would have, has a threefold contrariety or working in it, which you must *conceive*, as follows: The first and peculiar Property, or the one only *Will of Desire*, as *such*, is to have That which it has not; and all that it can do towards having it, is to act as if it were *seizing* it; and this it is which makes the *Desire* to be (*visum teneatis*) a *magic compression*, *enlosing*, or *astringing*; because that is all that it can do towards *seising* of that which it would have: but the Desire cannot thus *magically* *astringe*, *compress*, or *strive to enclose*, without *drawing* and *attracting*; but drawing is *motion*, which is the highest *contrariety* and *resistance* to *compressing* or *holding together*; and thus the Desire, in its magical working, sets out with two *contrary Properties*, inseparable from one another, and *equal in Strength*; for the motion hath *no Strength*, but as it is the *Drawing* of the *Desire*; and the *Desire* only *draws* in the same *degree*, as it *wills* to *compress* and *astringe*, and therefore the Desire, as *astringing*, always *begets* a *Resistance* equal to *itself*.

Now,

Now, from this great and equally strong Contrariety of the two first Properties of the Desire (*magically pulling*, as I may say, *two contrary ways*) there arises, as a *necessary Birth* from both of them, a *third Property*, which is *emphatically* called a *Wheel*, or whirling Anguish of Life; for a thing that can go neither *inward* nor *outward*, and yet *must be* and *move* under the equal power of both of them, must *whirl* or *turn round*; it has no possibility of doing any thing else, or of ceasing to do that; and this whirling Contrariety of these inseparable Properties is the great *Anguish of Life*, and may properly be called the *Hell of Nature*; and every lesser Torment which any man finds in this *mixed World*, hath all its existence and power from the working of these *three Properties*; for Life can find no *troublesome motions*, or *sensibility of distress*, but so far as it comes under their power, and enters into their *whirling Wheel*: Now here you may observe, that as this *whirling Anguish of Life* is a third State, necessarily arising from the *Contrariety* of the two first Properties of the Desire; so in this material System every whirling or orbicular motion of any body, is solely the effect or product
of

of the *Contrariety* of these two first Properties; for no material Thing can *whirl*, or *move round*, till it is under the power of these two Properties; (*magna est veritas et pre-velebit*) that is, 'till it can neither go inwards nor outwards, and yet is obliged to move; just as the whirling Anguish of the Desire then *begins*, when it can neither go *inwards* nor *outwards*, and yet *must be in motion*.

The next and following Properties of Nature, viz. the fourth, called *Fire*; the fifth, the *Form of Light and Love*; and the sixth, *Sound* or *Understanding*, only declare the gradual effects of the entrance of the *Deity* into the three first Properties of Nature *changing* or *bringing* their strong wrathful *Attraction*, *Resistance* and *Whirling*, into a Life and State of *triumphing Joy*, and *Fullness of Satisfaction*; which State of Peace and Joy in one another is called the seventh *Property* or State of Nature; and this is what BEHMEN (a late German divine) meant by his *Ternarius Sanctus*, which he so often speaks of, as the only place from whence he received all that he said and wrote; he means by it the *holy Manifestation* of the *triune God* in the seven

Properties of Nature, or Kingdom of Heaven : and from this Manifestation of God in the seven Properties of Nature, or Kingdom of Heaven, he most *wonderfully* opens, and accounts for all that was done in the *six first working Days* of the Creation ; shewing how every of the *six active Properties* had its peculiar *Day's* work, till the whole ended or rested in the *sanctified, paradisical Sabbath* of the *seventh Day*, just as Nature doth in its *seventh Property*.

I will conclude with one serious question ; How comes the Flint to be in such a state of hard, dark *Compaction* ? Perhaps now you can't answer this simple question—Well, I'll tell you—It is because the *Meekness* and *Fluidity* of the *Light*, and the *Air* and *Water* of the world, have little or no *Existence* in it ; and therefore, as soon as the Fire hath *unlocked* its hard *Compaction*, and *opened* in it the *Air*, and *Light* and *Water* of this world, it becomes transparent *Glass*, and is thereby brought so much nearer to that first *Glassy Sea* in which it once existed.

I am, &c.

Pro bono publico.

CHARACTERS,

&c.



FEMALE CHARACTERS.*

1770.

Veluti in speculo.

THE *first in pride*, CARDILLA first appears ;
A slave to play, tho' wrinkled o'er with years ;
Dupe to a reigning passion for Quadrille,
Her heart exults at sight of dear Spadille ;
Those eyes, which scarce within their orbits roll,
Beam a faint ray when Fortune gives a Vole ;
Eager and restless she the game pursues,
And each successive day the task renews :
Let old CARDILLA, e'er too late, attend
The short, but needful counsel of a friend ;
Pack up your Cards—the shuffling pastime leave—
A few steps more convey you to the grave.

Quite diff'rent scenes MATRONA's thoughts engage,
Scenes that adorn, support and gladden age ;
In Wisdom's paths with calm delight she treads,
And o'er Distress the tear of Pity sheds ;
Nor only sheds a tear—her hand supplies
The Orphan's wants, and wipes the Widow's eyes.

* These characters were drawn from some originals,
and the author hath endeavoured to preserve a likeness.

Un-

Unfeigned Virtue all her actions guides,
 Glows in her heart, and o'er her mind presides ;
 Meek and serene, with fortitude she bears
 The pains of Nature, and the load of years ;
 Looks back with pleasure on each well-spent day,
 And forward to the tomb without dismay.

Such *was* MATRONA — When my pencil drew
 Her portrait first, I thought the features true ;
 Yet now *unlikeness* in each line I trace ;
 The *picture* still the same, but chang'd the face :
 So when an Artist paints the charms of youth,
 In blooming semblance and the tints of truth ;
 Blends with the rose the lilly in her cheek,
 And makes the touches on his canvass speak.
 Who then arraign the honest Limner's skill,
 And say he flatter'd, or he featur'd ill ;
 No fault in him — the change by time is made,
 When *Flora's* lillies and her roses fade.

PRATTELLA's favourite weapon is her *Tongue*,
 Oil'd like a hone, and like a ballance hung ;
 Or more " like *Delia's* o'er the reeking cup,
 That runs for ages without winding up ;"
 And, once in motion, quick vibration keeps,
 Nor scarcely is at rest e'en while she sleeps —
 Did Wit or Wisdom her discourse inspire,
 We then could hear with patience, and admire :
 But what her pert loquacious tongue employs,
 Is Folly, Fashion, Scandal, Trash and Noise ;
 Envy

Envy and Spleen reign jointly in her breast,
Of all the softer passions dispossess'd ;
Envy depreciates ev'ry generous deed,
And makes e'en Virtue, like a victim, bleed ;
While *Spleen* beholds with microscopic eyes
The smallest faults, and swells them into Vice ;
In heighten'd colours ev'ry foible draws,
And holds from modest Worth its just applause.
Go, look at home in calm Reflection's glass,
And on yourself an honest censure pass ;
A sov'reign cure, PRATTELLA ! there you'll find,-
To heal a venom'd tongue, and ranc'rous mind.

Not such MODESTA ; when she deigns to speak,
Truth guides her tongue, and blushes warm her
cheek ;

The native music of her voice imparts
Grace to *her* words, and pleasure to *our* hearts ;
The wisest maxims of the hoary sage
(With care collected from the Stoic's page)
Her mind enrich, and give her language weight,
In friendly converse or in learn'd debate ;
Her speech no love of Scandal e'er betrays ;
MODESTA's silent when she cannot praise.
If wit and mirth their lively charms display,
Her genius sparkles and her soul is gay ;
No prudish frown upon her face appears,
And in her conduct no coquettish airs ;
Courteous to all, unconscious of offence,
She shines the first in Virtue, Truth and Sense.

Young,

Young, brisk and bold, VANETTA flaunts away,
 And would be thought the gayest of the gay ;
 Yet summer-flies receive more gaudy hues,
 From Sol's hot radiance and Aurora's dews ;
 Full she reveals in ev'ry public place
 Her pride of heart and impudence of face ;
 She mimicks Wit, while Folly mimicks her,
 And hard to say which mimick to prefer ;
 Like Milton's death she " grins a ghastly smile,"
 Much too forbidding ever to beguile ;
 And yet VANETTA deems her self-lov'd charms
 Have pow'r to draw the wealthiest to her arms ;
 Grant that success her fondest wishes crowns,
 Not Hymen's raptures will unbend her frowns ;
 To church she goes with most affected zeal,
 Not to confess her faults, but to conceal ;
 Thoughtless of heav'n, she hurries o'er her pray'rs,
 Eyes her dear self, and then around her stares ;
 But if (perchance) on Pride the Parson treats,
 She drops the Bible, flirts her fan and frets :
 So the gall'd Jade is seen to wince and start,
 If you but gently touch the *tender Part*.

Unlike *Vanetta* is that lovely maid,
 Whose beauty needs no fashionable aid ;
 AMANDA nam'd—to low, but honest birth
 Her modest mien and solid sense give worth ;
 She leaves to those whom fickle Fancy bred,
 The rainbow ribbon and the high-raised head ;

In this fair Nymph are beautifully combin'd
The decent dress and well-instructed mind :
The church she visits, but without parade,
And there her vows religiously are paid ;
She fears no censure when the Priest declaims,
Whose life is virtuous, and sincere her aims.
AMANDA's feet those pious paths have trod,
Which lead to Honour, Safety, Peace, and God :
VANETTA ! view this lovely Picture well,
And strive, in all that's good, AMANDA to excel.

ROCKRIVULET.

A CHARACTER.

Communicated by a Country Sexton.

BEING some years ago on a tour thro' part of H——shire, I alighted at a pleasant village, and, as was my common custom, paid a visit to the church-yard, hoping to receive instruction or amusement from the inscriptions which the living are pleased to bestow on the dead, or from those short lessons of mortality which are to be read on almost every tombstone; after viewing several, I came to a small plain stone in one corner of the burying-ground, and was embarrassed in mind with the oddity of the inscription that it bore, which was as follows, viz.

THIS LITTLE STONE WAS ERECTED
AT THE EXPENCE OF THE
PARISH,
TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY
OF A MAN,
WHO WAS NEVER KNOWN

TO HAVE PERFORMED

ONE GOOD ACTION.

HE DIED MARCH 22D, 1749,

AGED 85 YEARS.

This is a quaint method, thought I, of perpetuating the memory of a man, whose name is concealed from the world, even on the very stone which was professedly reared for the information of posterity : while I was musing on this circumstance, I saw an old man digging among the ruins of his fellow-mortals, and said to myself, perhaps this venerable companion of the dead can inform me of the name; and relate some particulars of the life of one, who must have been noted in the village which had taken care publicly to record his *worthiness* — Pray, honest Sexton, what was the name of the person who lies buried by yonder stone, that was set up at the parish charge ? — Sir, said he, scarcely any body remembers his real name, for he was always called ROCKRIVULET. — A nickname, I suppose ; — Yes, said the Sexton, I was his Godfather. — And why did you give him that name ? you have a reason for it, as I imagine. — Yes, yes, that I have ; and a

L 2

reason

reason for most things I say or do, otherwise I should not be much of a reasonable creature.—Well, I replied, and why did you fix that name on the deceased?—Because, you must know, that in the first place, “his *heart* was hard as a rock, and his *goodness* passed away like a running stream.”—There was something in this ancient man’s countenance, his conversation and manner of speaking, that struck my fancy and caught my attention; I thought within myself, probably in this “hoary-headed Chronicle” may be verified that absolete adage,

Sæpe sub attritâ latitat sapientia veste.

Under this impression of mind, I asked him to spend an hour or two with me at the *Rose*; he nodded consent, and then said to me, Sir, do you observe this skull? Yes; and what of *that* skull?—Aye, *this* skull once contained brains much too good for this obscure village, and a tongue that would draw tears from two thirds of the congregation, for his words were so soft, that

“Like feather’d snow, they melted as they fell.”

Aye, Sir, it belonged to Mr. *Proof*, formerly curate of this parish, who preached a funeral
sermon

fermon for ROCKRIVULET, and had half-a-guinea bequeathed him by the deceased to give him a character, which I have at home exactly copied from Mr. *Proof*'s own manuscript.—But how does this account agree with what is engraved on his stone? I there read, that he never performed one good action.—Was not his bequeathing half-a-guinea to the Clergyman a *good action*?—No, Sir, added the Sexton rather hastily, for it was not given from a *good principle*, but to purchase praise which he did not deserve.—I acquiesced, and said, “Bring the Character with you to the *Rose*, and let me peruse it.”—Shall I bring with me the Epitaph and Notes on it, which I composed myself on account of his death?—Yes, by all means; that favour will oblige me much.—After this short intercourse, I returned to the inn full of pleasing expectations, and impatiently waited for the Sexton; in about an hour after I had left him at the threshold of the “house appointed for all living,” he was ushered into the room by my landlord, but so altered by dress, that I scarcely recollected him; he was habited in a rusty black coat, with buttons ranged down to the bottom of

one

one skirt; the sleeves were of antique cut, and a large grizzle rectilinal wig overspread his shoulders: I desired him to be seated, and take a glass of wine;—Sir, said he, that is a liquor I never drink;—Come, replied I, one glass will do you no harm; besides, you know,

“Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,

“And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse,

“By making all our spirits debonair,

“Throws off the lees, the sediments of care.”

Aye, Sir, answered the Sexton, with a kind of rapture which none but poets feel, “that Mr. *Pomfret* was a writer of precious memory;” and the Curate used to say to me, “Now he is gone neighbour *Mattock* (for so he called me in a familiar way) where shall we find such another?”—True, said I, we may see a candle every night, but your blazing stars seldom appear—now, if you please, oblige me with a sight of the CHARACTER:—There it is, at your service, and such a one as I believe is just, for the Curate had more wisdom and honesty than to flatter any man, dead or alive.—I read the Character,

rafter, and the Sexton's Epitaph with his notes, which were rather curious than elegant. — I desired him to grant me the liberty of taking copies of the whole, and with permission to publish them; — he readily complied with my request, and through his indulgence they are here presented to my Readers.

“ My friends, having finished the doctrinal part of my sermon, I would exhort you all to take warning by the conduct of him who is dead, and gone (we hope in charity) to a better place; love not the world inordinately, as his poor soul to all appearance did; but if providence has given any of you the “ Mammon of unrighteousness, make to yourselves friends thereof, that ye may be received into everlasting habitations.” I come now to speak a word or two concerning the deceased, and so conclude: you are to understand that he bequeated to me half-a-guinea to give him a *Character* in a funeral discourse; perhaps, for so much money he might have expected to receive from me a *good* one, but I shall endeavour to give him a *just* one only, for my conscience and
pro-

profession set me above bribery, neither will I prostitute this pulpit to the vile business of flattery to please the living or aggrandize the dead——

He came, as I have been informed, into this parish when he was young, and was then in low circumstances, but that is no disparagement to any honest man; you will excuse me, if in drawing this Character I interlard it with a few scraps of poetry to fix it the closer on your memories, and deeper to impress your hearts;

“ When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 “ The wretch who living sav’d a candle’s end.”

So writes the great *Pope*; I do not mean the *Pope of Rome*, for I think him unworthy to be quoted in a protestant assembly; but the deceased forbid all lights at his funeral, for having been once disappointed in his attempts to carry on the business of an Undertaker among you, he ever after exclaimed against the vanity and wickedness of pomp and idle expence at the burial of frail creatures; you will form some idea of the man
 from

from a few abstracts which are taken from his Will, as follow: "Item, I will that my coffin be made of the boards of old boxes, now stored in my lumber garret; and that my shroud be made of the remnants of flannel, to be found in the shop; I also will to have my body interred in the morning, to save the charge of torches; Item, I give and bequeath to the Rev. Mr. *Proof* one half-guinea in gold, to give me a—but I have hinted at that particular before; Item, I give fifty pounds lawful money of this realm, for drawing the picture of *Limberham*, my beloved horse, and will that it be hung up in a gilt frame in the back parlour of my present dwelling-house, with this motto underneath,

"He swalloweth the ground with fierceness."

Item, all the rest of my estate, personal and real, I give and bequeath to myself, and order hereby that it be buried with me."—From these few abstracts of his last Will and Testament, you perceive my friends, the evil of covetousness, and how "hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of

M

heav.

heaven.”—He was brought up (as it is vulgarly termed in this part of the country) a clodhopper, but I have been told that he used to manage the plow with skill, and tread the furrows with patience; he afterwards entered into trade and flourished in it, not by honourable means, but by low mercenary tricks; while poor he was anxious to become rich; and when grown rich, he was then *poor indeed*; if he was not religious, yet he took pains to be thought so, and prayed loud *in secret*, that he might be heard *in public*: this circumstance of his life reminds me of an anecdote I have read, concerning two boys who had a contention at a pump in Boston, N. E. which should get water first; one jostled the other from the handle, and said, He would fill his bucket first, because his master said *prayers* and sung *psalms* twice a day in his family, and the other’s master did not; to which the witty knave made this reply, “Our house stands backward in a court, but if my master had a room next the street, as your master has, he’d pray twice to your master’s once, that he would, and therefore I’ll fill my pail first, marry will I”—and did accordingly: his
reli-

religion was in one respect like charity, for it covered a multitude of sins; he would strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, and was one of those conscientious saints, who deem it

“ Worse to whistle of a Sunday,
 “ Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday.”

He professed in doctrine to be a trinitarian in unity, but was in practice a polytheist; he worshipped the God who made him—by custom; the god which he made for himself—from love; and the god he had bought—from pride; the idol of his own creating—was *gold*; this he venerated with profound adoration and undissimulated affection; the idol which he bought was *Limberham*, to whom he paid daily and nightly superstitious homage; one evening he was seen, as report says, in the temple of *Limberham*, with his right arm thrown over his shoulders, with his left hand stroking his neck, and was then heard to utter, with enthusiastic pathos, these lines,

“ My life, my love, my all that heav’n can give,
 “ Death’s life with thee, without thee death to
 live.”

One morning, as he was mounting his adored quadrupede, he hummed a tune in the stirrup, and at setting off was heard to say,

Had I the dearest friends on earth,
Or wife more dear than they;
For one soft ride on thy sleek back,
I'd give them all away.

Some time after this profusion of absurd ecstasy, he was troubled with terrifying dreams, and often heard to bawl out in his sleep,

"My horse, my horse, my kingdom for my horse."

At length he grew thin and melancholy; was always peevish and fretful; he frequently told his maid, that if *Limberham* was stolen his heart would break, and when he died, that he should die with him; accordingly, as you must all know, *Limberham* died suddenly seven days past, and his master the evening of the same day; here you see, my good friends, what a dreadful judgment hath overtaken your deceased neighbour, for having "worshipped the creature more than the Creator."

AN

AN EPITAPH, WITH NOTES,
ON THE DEATH OF
ROCKRIVULET.

Written by the Sexton of the parish, and intended to
have been inscribed on his Head-stone, but
was omitted for want of room.

I.

HERE lies a man struck dead by death;
Take warning at his fall;
For they who breathe must lose their breath,
If they be great or small.

Line 1. "Here"—i. e. in the grave adjoining to
this head stone; no pleonasm is to be found in this
line, as I have read in some church-yard, viz. "*Here*
lies interred in a vault under *this stone*."

Ditto. "Lies"—I don't mean that he *tells lies*
now; I only express by this word his position, that it is
prostrate, and not *standing, sitting, or kneeling*.

Ditto. "A man"—by this is intended a distinction
of sex—a man, and not a *woman*; a distinction of
age—a man, and not a *child*.

Ditto. "Struck dead by Death"—here I confine
myself to strict truth, regardless of poetical licence; for
who can strike any body dead, but Death?

L. 2. "Take

2.

This man did worship golden ore,
 And eke his horse so gay;
 But from his horse and idol-store
 He now is snatch'd away.

L. 2. "Take warning"—a pious and seasonable admonition to all who read this Epitaph.

Ditto. "At his fall"—propriety of speech is here observed, because as he was *struck dead*, he must of course *fall*.

L. 3. "For they who *breathe*"—Mr. *Proof* advised me (for I shewed him the Epitaph and Notes) to substitute the word *live*, but I objected to the alteration for this reason, because there are some things that *live* and *die*, and yet do not *breathe*, as flowers, plants, &c. now where no *breath* is and yet life, none can be *lost*.

L. 4. "If they be great or small"—these two monosyllables express universality; *great*, i. e. literally, large or bulky in size; figuratively, grand, noble, powerful or rich; *small*, the opposite to *great* both literally and figuratively.

Ver. 2, l. 1. "This man"—I mean the man that lies buried here.

Ditto. "Did worship"—It is the opinion of some eminent Divines, that there is no nation so barbarous and ignorant, but what has some kind of worship performed in it, however improper the object, or absurd the mode of it may be,

Ditto. "Golden

3.

His horse for him no tears could shed ;
His gold is all forgot ;
And I have made his dirty bed,
Where he must lie and rot.

Ditto. "Golden ore"—there are various sorts of ore dug out of the bowels of the earth, but that the Reader might not mistake in this *material* point, I have called it *golden* ; the Israelites one worshipped a golden calf ; and the like practice is continued to this day, and more among enlightened people than the poor illiterate Indians.

L. 2. "And eke"—I often find the word *eke* in the works of the great Sternhold and Hopkins, of poetic memory, and is said to signify *also*.

Ditto. "His horse"—august animals, and even reptile were formerly worshiped in Egypt.

Ditto. "So gay"—The Curate thought I had better insert the word *gay*, as expressive of his colour ; no, Sir, said I, "gay" is most proper, because the deceased did not worship his horse on account of his colour, but for the sake of his graceful attitude and sprightly motions.

L. 3 and 4. "But from his, &c."—Oh ! what a melancholy case is it, for a man to be hurried into another world and leave all his happiness behind him ?

Ver. 3, l. 1. "No tears *could* shed"—the reason is obvious ; because the horse died first.

L. 2. "His

4.

Ye neighbours all let me advise,
 Before it be too late;
 For if you gold and horses prize,
 You'll die as sure as fate.

L. 2. "His gold, &c. *forgot*"—it is a prevailing opinion in the present age, that when people are dead and buried they remember nothing about their money, though while living they thought of nothing so much.

L. 3. "And I have *made*"—it is my business as Sexton of the parish.

Ditto. "His *dirty* bed"—Mr. *Proof* preferred *dusty*, as more elegant, but I told him that I preferred truth to elegance; you know, Sir, said I, that our church-yard is a clay soil, and that a grave will sometimes be half full of water before a corpse is put into it, and therefore it cannot be so properly called *dusty* as *dirty*; the curate commended my observation as very just.

Ditto. "Bed"—the grave is metaphorically so termed, because it is a place for dead people to *lie* and *sleep* in.

L. 4. "And rot"—i. e. turn to putrefaction; we are all subject, even the most delicate, to this loathsome end.

Ver. 4, l. 1. "Ye neighbours all"—note here a sudden transition from the dead to the living; this is a figure in rhetoric, but I forget what it is called.

Ditto. "Let

5.

And ere you take your eyes away,
 From this poor wretch's tomb,
 Remember what I more shall say
 In the next verse to come.

Ditto. "Let me advise"—the author's humility is here worthy of praise, for he does not pretend to advise, before he hath asked leave. Note — this remark is not my own, but the Curate's.

L. 2. "Before it be too *late*"—i. e. before you die.

L. 4. "You'll die as sure as *fate*"—Fate is the doctrine of a sect called Fatalists, and signifies something that will certainly come to pass, and cannot be avoided, for what must be, will be.

Ver. 5, l. 1 and 2. This Address was made to the Reader, on a supposition that this Epitaph would have been inscribed on *Rockri-vulet's* head-stone.

L. 3 and 4. "Remember"—the minds of men are so prone to wander from any serious subject, that the most eminent and judicious authors have thought it necessary to bespeak the attention of their readers, when they were going to introduce matters of solemnity and importance.——"I more shall say"—perhaps, some short-winded readers may imagine that I have said *more than enough* already, but such are desired to recollect that I have not yet concluded my Epitaph, and it is the End that crowns the work, or, as good Mr. *Proof* was wont to say in another tongue, *Finis coronat opus*;

6.

In doing good bestow your wealth,
 And don't oppress the poor ;
 For then on earth you will have health,
 And peace for evermore.

——“ In the next verse to come”—all candid persons will acknowledge that I do not tire them with episodes and circumlocution, nor make them wait long before I inform them what it is I exhort them to remember.

Ver. 6, l. 1. “ In doing good ”—i. e. feeding the hungry, cloathing the naked, visiting the sick, and promoting, by all suitable means, the welfare of our fellow-creatures.

Ditto. “ Bestow your wealth ”—I am afraid that few of the rich will relish my advice, for the most of them love to keep their wealth to themselves ; however, I hope none will condemn my counsel, though they may not chuse to follow it.

L. 2. “ And don't *oppress the poor* ”—I mean the *industrious* who labour, and yet hardly live ; the *infirm*, who are willing to work, but are not able ; by *oppression*, I would have my Readers understand *withholding their hire, paying them in bad coin, making short weight or measure, charging them the same price for damaged commodities, as they do the rich for good ; the deceased was infamous for these practices.*

L. 3. For then on *earth* you will have *health*”—Health is a very great blessing ; but here some may ask,
 How

How does the "doing good," and abstaining from *oppression*, conduce to health?—evidently enough; for "doing good" creates chearfulness of heart, and *chearfulness* promotes health; besides, it is commonly seen, that stingy and severe people are lean and meagre, while the liberal and kind look hale and plump.

Ditto. "On earth"—I specify the earth, because here health is *precarious*; in heaven it is certain.

L. 4. "And peace"—Anxiety of mind is destructive of peace; who more anxious than the covetous? and who enjoy less of peace? they are tormented with *restless desires* after more wealth, and *perpetual fears* of losing what they have gotten.

Ditto. "For evermore"—the same as *for ever-and-ever*; happy reward, for the few poor services of a short life! May we all strive after it, and at last enjoy it! Amen—So be it.

THE TAYLOR AND ENSIGN.

A TALE.

IN *Kent* a Taylor flourish'd once,
 Who neither coward was, nor dunce ;
 Such useless weeds were never found
 In days of Yore, on Kentish ground ;
 Altho' of late, for want of tillage,
 They overspread both town and village.

This man, by Scandal nick-nam'd *Crib*,
 Would neither swear, nor cheat, nor fib ;
 Yet was a workman, stories say,
 No Taylor equal'd in his day :
 Like polish'd lance his Needle shone,
 And mightier feats than that had done ;
 His Goose of trusty steel was made ;
 His Thimble of a *Bilboa* blade ;
 For such the courage of his heart,
 He'd use no implement of art
 But what, in other shape or name,
 Had gain'd some hero endless fame :
 Old *Dyke*, of valour true and try'd,
 Was shilful in his trade beside ;
 Could cut a suit of clothes, and put on
 Gold lace, and epaulet or button,
 And darn a rent, or hit a fashion,
 With any Taylor in the nation :

At

At club he'd dress anew the State,
And trim the jackets of the Great ;
Turn-coats he always did despise,
And call'd them traitors in disguise,
But prais'd the *honest* to the skies.

There was a fribble Son of *Mars*,
Not wounded—but in *Venus*' wars ;
Papa had bought him a commission ;
From Serjeant Stout he got tuition ;
And thus enroll'd and educated,
He not a little was elated ;
A taper sword hung by his side,
At once his scandal and his pride ;
(As in the sequel they will know,
Who read this little story thro')
His hat, of *Kevenbulla* cock,
Was stuck on something like a block ;
The cockade pendant from its brim,
Discover'd less of taste than whim,
For 'twas in breadth nine inches o'er ;
In length an ell, or somewhat more ;
With red-heel shoes and silken hose,
He stood the foremost pink of beaux :
Just like a ferret's were his eyes
In colour, fierceness, and in size ;
His face was fallow, long and lank,
With crooked legs and spindle shank.)

This

This Spark, ambitious of some glory,
 Sought out the Taylor of my story ;
 Expecting, from his dext'rous art,
 To shine compleat in ev'ry part ;
 His house our doughty hero tript to,
 And reach'd the knocker (standing tip-toe)
 Then gave so hard and loud a rap,
 As made the doors and windows clap :
 A boy and girl at once appear :
 " Demme ! does Taylor Crib live here ? " —
 With court'fy and with bow they answer,
 " We'll call him down quick as we can, Sir : "
 " Betty ! our master's in the parlour : " —
 " And where's your mistress ? " — Sir, I'll call her."
 The parlour door wide open flies :
 In struts the Fribble — " bl-ft-your eyes ! " —
 " Are you the famous noted Taylor,
 " Who quips a soldier or a sailor
 " In uniforms, *en milataire*,
 " That give a man address and air ? " —
 " Your honour's servant ! — Sir, I'll fit ye
 " Neat, tho' I live not in the city ;
 " I work for Colonels in the army ;
 " My cut and trimmings, Sir, will charm ye : " —
 " Your price ? — a scarlet suit, d'e mind ?
 " Full-lac'd with gold before and hind." —
 " For twenty guineas you shall have it,
 " And if you like it not — why, leave it : " —
 " Agreed ; but see it nothing lacks,
 " And let it fit as close as wax ;

" Or

" Or else, by this well-proved steel,
 " The vengeance of my arm you'll feel :"—
 " Doubt not!—I'll fit you to a tittle;
 " As for your threats—I fear e'm little."—(*aside*)

The Taylor with disdainful pleasure
 Survey'd the youth, and took his measure :
 " I'll get it ready, Sir, on Monday :"—
 " No—split my throat!—it shall be Sunday :"—
 " On that said day I mend nor work
 " For Christian, Heathen, Jew or Turk;
 " One day I will enjoy in seven,
 " And that's the will of earth and heaven."

The suit was finish'd to a minute,
 And prais'd by judges who had seen it :
 'Twas carried home, where Fribble waited,
 To see his little self compleated
 In all that nicety of drefs,
 Which pride could wish or art exprefs.
 " Now, demme, Crib ! befure it fits ?"—
 " As fure as you are in your wits;
 " Sir, if you please, I'll try it on,
 " And then you'll see how well 'tis done."—
 The Captain (so we dub him now)
 Undress'd ;—the Taylor made his bow ;
 " Your honour's arm, Sir, in this sleeve—
 " That's wrong—the other by your leave ;
 " There—that's the method—Sir, 'tis tight ;
 " Pray, will your honour stand upright ?

" Your

" Your toes to mine—hold up your chin—
 " It fits as neat, Sir, as your skin."—
 " You paltry prick-louse!" Fribble cries;
 " D'ye think I wont believe my eyes?
 " See here—this sleeve's an ell too wide—
 " The skirt's a yard too long beside;
 " Into the waist no mouse can creep:"—
 " Remember, Sir, your honour's shape."—
 " Shape! Dyke!—with all his best endeavour,
 " Rysbeck ne'er sculptur'd one so clever."
 The Taylor smil'd—Frib storm'd apace,
 And passion swell'd his shrivel'd face;
 Off from his back the coat he tore,
 Then drew his piercer, stamp't and swore;
 " Take hence the suit and make it fit,
 " Or else I'll truss you on this spit,
 " By which an hundred of your crew
 " Have bled and dy'd—Rogue! so shall you."

With feigned fear the Taylor shook,
 And home the Captain's garment took;
 But promis'd in two days, at least,
 It should be model'd to his taste:
 Old Dyke convinc'd how well it suited,
 Resolv'd he would not be confuted
 By nonsense, noise and angry words,
 By "demme," "pink ye," "blood," or "swords;"
 Within the time he takes the clothes,
 And to the Captain's lodging goes;
 But first, as prudence did suggest,
 (And prudence warns us for the best)

Thought

Thought he, "the Captain may be rough;
 "I'll stick a needle on my cuff;"
 Then said, "the Bravo I defy;
 "This point of lance shall make him fly."

The Taylor knocks—an open door
 Admits him to the second floor:
 It hapt his Honour was within,
 But in a woeful bitter skin;
 The rats had gnaw'd his filken hose;
 The Monkey scratch'd his Roman nose;
 The Maid had burnt his Dresden ruffles,
 And Tray devour'd all the truffles;
 The Parrot too, to mend the matter,
 Began to whistle, scream and chatter;
 He throws at her, as he grew crosser,
 And broke a tea pot, cup and faucer;
 Such dire misfortunes, sure, would make
 A Stoic into fury break;
 No wonder then his fickle mind
 Was boist'rous as a western wind;
 Amidst this storm the Taylor stood,
 Fixt as a rock that braves the flood;
 The Captain look'd around to view
 (As in a tempest seamen do)
 What more of wrecks there might be spread
 About the room, or on the bed;
 When, lo! he saw the Taylor stand
 Still as a mute, with hat in hand:
 "So Crib!" says he, "you've brought my clothes,
 "And think they'll fit me, I suppose;

O

"But

98 MISCELLANIES.

" But if they don't, may Cowards thrive,
 " If e'er you leave this room alive !"—
 " I'll fit you, Sir, be not afraid ;
 " I know my courage and my trade ;
 " Come, try'em on, and let us see
 " How well they fit ! — Just to a T.
 " The money, Sir ! — my work is done :"—
 " The money, Rogue ! I'll pay you none ;
 " Begone, or else I'll set all clever,
 " By thrusting *Stillo* thro' your liver."
 This said, he into tumult flew,
 And out his *Dangletail* he drew :
 The Taylor not dismay'd at Bluff,
 Pull'd forth the Needle from his cuff ;
 Stamp't with his foot—stretch'd out his arm :—
 The Captain cries — " You'll do me harm ;
 " Return your Needle whence it came,
 " And by my sword I'll do the same ;
 " For why should we each other kill ?
 " Your clothes I'll take and pay the bill ;
 " Tho' fore against my purse and will ; — (*aside*) }
 " Yet you shall feel my wrathful hand,
 " When you've *no Needle at command*."

'Tis said, nine Taylors make a Man ;
 It may be so, belike ;
 But find nine Fribbles, if you can,
 Will equal Master *Dyke*.

AN

AN ESSAY ON RICHES,

In Imitation of Mr. POPE's *Essay on Man*;

A PRIVATE EPISTLE

INSCRIBED

TO JOHN STUART LOVEGOLD, Esq.

BY FITSROY DIPDEEP.

——— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
Auri sacra fames? ———

STEADY my *Cræsus*!—seek the noblest things!
This year shall prove what wealth Corruption
brings;

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to cheat a few short years and die)
The Treasury exhaust, in spite of man,
A tempting Mine for daring R-g—s to scan;
A scene where bills and notes promiscuous rise;
Where gold and silver court our longing eyes;
Together let us search this precious hoard;
Try what the books and what the draw'rs affor'd;
The pleasing depths of latent chests explore,
And dip our hands, where hundreds dipt before;
Observe what riches in our circuit lie,
And catch the Goldfinches before they fly;

Steal when it suits ; be honest when we can ;
Nor dread the censures of impeaching man.

Say, first of England's hidden wealth below,*
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Taxes and Lotteries are all appear,
From which to reason, or to which refer ;
In ev'ry shape we riches influence own,
For we can trace them farther than is known :
He who the Knave's duplicity can pierce,
Dart through the plotting Statesman's universe ;
Discern how Villain with a Villain schemes,
What are their midnight deeds, and morning
dreams ;
Why as times vary, various faces wear,
May judge what makes us thus in pomp appear.
But of our craft, its bearings, and its ties,
Its close connections, strong dependencies,
The wickedness and wretchedness of this,
Has the K—g heard, or can his subjects guess ?
Shall that state-cunning, that foul mystery
Which Statesmen hatch and practise, publish'd be ?

† Presumptuous man ! the reason would'st thou
find,
Why made so much a slave, and why so blind ;

* In the Tr—f—ry.

† This is a kind of digression, founded on a question unanswerable, which must for ever silence the tongues of oppressed complainants.

Rather

Rather the harder reason first explore,
 Why not more blind, and why a slave no more?
 Ask of the daughter's Squirrel, why she bears
 A smaller brush than rambling Reynard wears?
 Or ask thy sister's raw-bon'd finger, why
 Of less dimensions than thy brother's thigh;

Of Statesmen variable, if 'tis confess
 That royal wisdom nominates the best;
 Who all must cheat, or not discordant be,
 And all that cheat, must cheat in some degree;
 Then in the scale of splendid Thieves, 'tis clear,
Lovegold and *I* the foremost shall appear,
 And all the question, scribble e'er so long,
 Is only this—If G— has plac'd us wrong:
 Respecting him, whatever wrong men call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all;
 When boys would steal, their conscience gives them
 pain

A thousand times, before a purse they gain;
 But Statesmen, void of conscience, grasp all store,
 And drain a kingdom of Peruvian Ore:
 Yet not our wealth seems G——e's end alone,
 Oft when we steal, we're mark'd by spies unknown;
 Unwilling we may reach some dismal * Goal,
 And feel the Axe, or swingswang cheek by jowl.

* This expression seems to denote some *consciousness*
of guilt, and fear of punishment.

When

When the poor peasant knows the court
aims,

The lawyer's quibbles, or his client's claims ;
The lusty plow-boy, why he goads the steer,
Or breaks the clod to feed a fav'rite Peer ;
Then may the public hope to comprehend
The Tr—f—ry's decrease, its use and end ;
Why sacred and replete when *one* King reign'd,
Why, when *another*, basely robb'd and drain'd.
Say not a Premier's faithless, G——e in fault ;
Say rather, he's as faithful as he ought ;
His conscience, measur'd to the heaps of gold,
Takes without scruple pile on pile untold ;
And if *we* steal, in a proportion'd share,
No matter how 'tis done, or when or where :
Sweep robb'd by *sweep*, may be completely so,
As *Harley* * once, or *we* do England now.

We from all subjects hid the mystic book,
Beyond the page prescrib'd no eye shall look ;
From messengers, what clerks are taught to do,
From clerks what under secretaries know ;
Or who Prime Minister would wish to be,
If each inferior R—g— his ways might see :
The slaves our av'rice dooms to starve each day,
Had they our reason, would they skip and play ?
Dup'd to the last, they pay the *granted* store,
Nor see the hand that makes and keeps them poor.

* Minister of State in Queen Ann's reign.

Oh !

Oh ! blindness to the future kindly giv'n,
 That we may grasp what wealth is sent by heav'n ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as Lord of All,
 The Statesman's *rising* and the People's *fall* !
 A peaceful kingdom in convulsions hurl'd,
 And now an island blaze, and now a world.

Then let us grasp the gold, *nor higher soar*,*
 Exhaust the Tr—f—ry and G——e adore ;
 What future place he gives us not to know,
 But gives this Wealth to be our Fortune now.

* “ Nor higher soar ”—It is thought that this caution was very *seasonable*, and some people have imagined that it proceeded from a prophetic dread of *higher exaltation*.

ON THE
KING'S MARRIAGE,

September 8, 1761.

LORD of the world, and Paradise his own,
Yet *Adam* found not perfect bliss *alone* ;
He wish'd some kind and female-work of heav'n,
To share his heart, and crown his joy was giv'n ;
The great Creator, list'ning to his pray'r,
Form'd the first Bride, and join'd the happy pair.

So the young hopeful *Sov'reign of mankind*,
Meet Consort for himself could no where find ;
By seas dislever'd, each to each unknown,
'Till CHARLOTTE came to bless his bed and
throne :
Thus, when the *loveliest* to the *best* is giv'n,
'Tis just to own the Match was made by Heav'n.

Oct. 1761.

*A LETTER on the Death of a pious Youth,
addressed to the Family of which he had been
a promising Branch.*

MY AFFLICTED FRIENDS !

PERMIT me, in this epistolary form, to express my sincere condolence with you in your present mournful state ; I am persuaded that your sorrows are deep and pungent, and from sad experience I have learnt how “ to weep with them that weep,” having myself been deprived of the nearest relations in life ; from this circumstance I can form some idea of the dejection of your hearts, and am sensible that the recollection of many minute particulars, respecting your deceased relative, will revive your grief, and draw again the ready tear.

You, my elder friends ! have lost a dutiful and justly beloved son ; yet sorrow not immoderately, as those who have no good hope concerning a departed child ; nor as those who have no hope for themselves in a covenant — God, who may be considered as now

P

saying

saying for your comfort, "Am I not better to you than seven sons?" And you, my younger intimates! are bereaved of an amiable brother, who delighted in performing towards you every kind and filial office; yet remember, in order to check the overflowings of sorrow, that you have in heaven an *elder Brother*, even Jesus, the Son of God, who having been made like to his brethren, ("acquainted with grief") knows how, and is willing to succour them that mourn; and, "as one whom his mother comforteth, so may He comfort you."—Death hath, indeed, dissolved the natural connection that subsisted between you and your son and brother, respectively; his eyes are sealed up in darkness, his lips in silence, and the grave hath shut its mouth upon him—but why should I suggest any thought that may call your sorrows up afresh, when my design in this letter, is "to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort those who mourn?"

Give me leave, therefore, my companions in the tribulation of life! to offer you on the late melancholy occasion some consolatory counsel, to assuage the agony of your
grief;

grief; and oh! that it may be as balm to the wounded spirit, and “as light to them who sit in darkness and the shadow of Death!”

Let me entreat you sedately to reflect on the following hints, which through the divine Blessing may be a means of administering consolation to you all, which is the chief object I have now in view.

CONSIDER, that in the present case what has befallen you is the *common* lot of humanity: “Ye yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto”—1 *Thess.* iii. 3. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; it is an inheritance entailed (since the first apostacy) on all the children of Adam: you are sensible that where natural relations subsist, they must some time or other be broken off; had not your son or brother been taken from you by the stroke of Death, one or more of you, who now survive, might ere long have been removed from him, and then he would have been left to weep for his departed kindred: Is there no family in this

wide-peopled earth, in which Death is not making some breach?

“His shafts fly thick,” and where the fenced dome
That pleads exemption from their gen’ral range?

Sorrow not, therefore, inordinately, “as
though some strange thing had happened
unto you.”

CONSIDER, that you have been deprived
of this earthly comfort by the *sovereign Hand
of God* — the *same Power* which gave, hath
taken it away; — one reason, perhaps, why
men are so mournfully affected at the depri-
vation of a temporal blessing, is, because they
reflect not that it was given them only *in
trust*, and to be resigned at the Will of the
Donor; — it behoves us to account all the
gifts of Providence as bestowed on us but
for a season, and then we shall be ready to
part with them less reluctantly; — not any
donation from heaven is conferred on man-
kind *absolutely*, for the supreme Giver always
reserves to himself the *right* of recalling it
when he pleases, and we verbally acknow-
ledge our resignation to his authority, so
often

often as we pray, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." When children are removed from their parents by Death, the act is originally of God, who is the Lord and Disposer of Life, and in whose hands our Breath and Being are: the consideration that such a mournful event is immediately under the direction of a wise and uncontrollable Providence, will mitigate your sorrows, and silence every complaint. *David* said under a painful affliction, "I was dumb and opened not my mouth, because THOU did'st it"—*Psalms* xxxix. 9.

Suffer me also to remind you, that the *loss* which you lament in the death of your late son and brother, is infinite *gain* to him;—your several affections for him were lively and sincere; it would have been unjust and unnatural to have withheld them from him:

If youth and innocence could claim a part
Of pure affection in a parent's heart,
'That claim was his—but death's pale victims prove,
"What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love."

As your love to him was unfeigned, so you certainly wished him *all good* in both worlds;
but

110 MISCELLANIES.

but you know that real *happiness* is not to be found on earth; *that* is a flower which will not blossom out of paradise; he is gone to possess the felicity of a better state than this; you have reason to hope he is, and will rejoice in that hope; — by his departure out of life he is become an unspeakable gainer, and sure I am that you mourn not because he is blessed, but rather on account of *your having lost a blessing*; weigh his eternal gain against your temporal loss, and you will receive a mixture of consolation with your cup of bitterness, in proportion as you conceive his gain preponderate; his language to you all (if we suppose him to be a witness of your afflictions) is, “Weep not for me,” who have reached a peaceful harbour, but “for yourselves,” who are left behind to encounter the storms and dangers of life’s unsettled sea: had your child abandoned himself to the practice of vice, and gone with the multitude of giddy youths to do evil, you would then have had too distressful reason to have been disconsolate on his account; for, as an eminent author emphatically observes, “The death-bed of a profligate is next in horror to that abyss to which it

it leads, and has the most of hell in it that is visible on this side the grave;"—but, blessed be God, you have no cause to entertain such fearful apprehensions, respecting your deceased son and brother; on the contrary, you may cherish the fairest hope of his safety in death, as you beheld in him (while he was alive) the "things that do accompany salvation."

Further to alleviate your sorrows, recollect how many blessings the Almighty hath yet left in your possession—had He seen fit to have cut down all your respective comforts at one stroke, then the case of the surviving individual had been manifold more desolate; a comparative view of what we still enjoy, with what we have been deprived of, will tend to lighten the load of affliction—more especially when our remaining comforts exceed in number those which we have lost: I could imagine many circumstances that might have reduced you to a more dejected state, and have given your sorrows a keener edge—Suppose, Sir, you had been deprived of the wife of your bosom,

bosom, as some time past there were grounds to fear, before the late awful event had taken place, you would now have wanted a tender and faithful partner to have shared in and soothed your grief—Suppose, Madam, your case had been similar to that of the woman of *Nain*, who bewailed the death of her child; and concerning whom we read, *Luke* vii. 12. “*He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow*”—how much more distressful then would have been your situation, than it now is, you having at present a *husband* left to support you under the burden of affliction, and a *son* remaining to be (through the preserving mercy of God) your future hope and comfort—Suppose, my young friends, that ye had by death been bereaved of your parents; in this view the sorrows of your hearts would have been enlarged, and might have depressed you lower, as in them you would have lost your counsellors and guardians, your succours and your guides;—I mention not these circumstances as though I thought you had not sufficient cause, at present, to mourn, (I know you have) but only to shew that you might have had
greater,

greater, and to soften your pained spirits, by engaging you to compare the *many* comforts you yet enjoy to the *one* you have lately lost.

Consider that immoderate sorrow (I say not that yours is such; my aim is to prevent its being so) is hurtful to yourselves, may be displeasing to God, and will prove unavailable.

Sorrow, if indulged to excess, will be *hurtful to yourselves*—it hath a tendency to enervate the human frame; it preys on, and imperceptibly exhausts the animal spirits; it sometimes brings on loss of appetite, and creates an aversion to necessary exercise, all which may conduce to impair and gradually destroy the constitution: it hath often a prejudicial effect on the mental faculties; it may induce a fixed melancholy, or at least such depression of mind as will unfit for civil and domestic, relative and religious duties, incapacitate for the participation of sacred counsels, and so cut off the means by which you might otherwise receive suitable and seasonable comfort.

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May

May it not be *displeasing to God*?—this reflection should be duly weighed, and on serious and devout minds it will have a proper influence: there is a Sorrow for the death of Relatives which is not only allowable, but commendable; to refuse them the tribute of our tears would be unkind and inhuman; they are the tender effusions of nature in distress; not to bemoan the loss of an earthly blessing, would discover that we are insensible of its value: where the boundaries of innocent sorrow are to be drawn, I pretend not to determine; yet certainly they may be overpast, and then can we safely affirm that it is *not displeasing to God*? May not our Grief be displeasing to Him, when it rises so high and continues so long, as to give ourselves cause to suspect that we love the Creature more than the Creator? or when it becomes so predominant, as to betray a want of Christian Resignation to his Will?—I write not this as an accusation, for “I am persuaded better things of you.”

You know, my dear Friends, that in your case Sorrow *will be unavailable*—it cannot restore a departed Joy; though our heads
were

were a spring of water, and our eyes a fountain of tears, that we could weep day and night; yet all this profusion of sorrow would be ineffectual to revoke the executed decree, or awake the sleeping dead.

The conduct of DAVID in respect to his Son, while he was alive, and after he became the prisoner of Death, is worthy of notice and imitation; you may read his language, 2 *Sam.* xii. 22 & 23.—“ And he said, While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

Once more let me add, in order to shed a ray of light over the dark cloud that now covers you, that your Son and Brother will be restored from the arms of Death to incorruptible Life.

You each believe and can say, as *Martha* told *Jesus* when her Brother *Lazarus* was dead, “ I know that he shall rise again in the

resurrection at the last day : ” — Let me lead your thoughts to the future time of Restitution, when his body shall be released from the grave, in which it is now confined, as “ a prisoner of hope,” for those “ who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him ; ” when he shall be restored from the chambers of dust and silence, to your mutual and everlasting delight, if ye be followers of him as he was of Christ — I would account you, my Friends, to be all heirs of the same blessedness and glory with him, and then the only difference between you and him is this, That he is called first to the possession of the Inheritance ; and do you envy him that honour and happiness ? — I am convinced you do not — give all diligence that you forfeit not your title, nor cut off your hope to the same.

If by any means God may now make me your Comforter, I beseech you to turn the eyes of your faith and expectation toward the dawn of the last day, when “ the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised,” and “ mortality be swallowed up of life ” — when his body, which was lately sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption —
when

when that which was sown in dishonour, shall be raised in glory, and his mortal remains be clothed with immortality — when he shall come forth from the recesses of the grave, as a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber, adorned and prepared to enter into the marriage-supper of the Lamb — when all the concernments of this dying state shall be passed off as a shadow, and “they who now weep shall be as though they had wept not” — when the remembrance of former evils shall fly away like a dream, and leave no impression behind it; in this view of things your deceased and beloved Relative is not *lost*; he is only *absent* from you and the body, to be *present* with the Lord.

Prepare to follow him in the way of righteousness, and in the path which leads to that land of darkness, “from whose bourne no traveller returns;” prepare to meet his Spirit in eternal joy; and if this should be your final portion (as I entreat the God of Mercy it may) then will your associating again for ever abundantly compensate the sorrow that attends your separation for a season.

Now

118 MISCELLANIES.

Now may the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his Will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight!—And may you receive such a measure of grace, wisdom, and strength from on high, as that you may not “*despise* the chastening of the Lord, nor *faint* when you are rebuked of him.

I remain

Your sympathizing friend,

Cranbrook,
Nov. 17, 1784.

R. N.

AN

AN ELEGY

*On the DEATH of the young Gentleman referred to
in the last Letter.*

WHENCE the soft Sigh that lingers thro'
the vale?

Why sounds the Knell from yon sequester'd tow'r?

How slow the motion of each pensive gale,
That wafts the Sound and Sigh at this late hour!

Now weary Cottagers resign their cares,
Sunk in the filken arms of balmy sleep;

The rustic Virgin rests devoid of fears,
And SORROW's eye awhile forgets to weep:

Save the *soft Sigh* and *Knell's* deep mournful sound,
No murmur whispers in the zephyr's breath;

But all is silent — solemn all around,
Silent and solemn as the realms of Death.

In sober mood and melancholy strain,
As NESTOR sat and such enquiry made,
Sudden he saw move o'er the dewy plain,
A female Form that trembled at her shade;

For

118 MISCELLANIES.

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As NESTOR sat and such enquiry made,

Sudden he saw move o'er the dewy plain,
A female Form that trembled at her shade;

For

For *Luna's* waning light a shadow cast,
Which *NESTOR* view'd with fix'd and curious eyes;
And as the Shade and Substance by him past,
Both seem'd to weep, and both to swell with sighs.

" Say (*NESTOR* spoke) of earth thou fairest Saint,
" Hath the Knell's voice thy tender ear imprest?
" Say, if thou know'st, why that incessant plaint,
" Borne on the Breeze from some dejected breast?

" Perhaps, in Death's cold close embrace there
 sleeps
" A favour'd Youth, his Parents Joy and Care;
" For *whose* full grief the friendly Village weeps,
" While kindred Swains *his* funeral Dirge prepare."

Mournful and meek the modest Maid replies;
" The Knell's sad notes impress my list'ning ears;
" From my swoln Heart escap'd those honest sighs,
" Which the Wind gently on his bosom bears:

" Ask not the cause—but read it on my cheeks,
" Where Sorrow prints it in expressive lines;
" Each flowing tear a faithful language speaks,
" And says—" for *Strephon* his *Janetta* pines."

" Fresh as the Morn, and blooming as the Spring,
" My *Strephon* flourish'd in the pride of youth;
" LOVE brought me daily on her downy wing,
" His artless tales of Innocence and Truth:

" The

“ The downy wings of Love no longer spread ;
 “ Of Innocence and Truth convey no tale ;
 —“ *Strephon* is number'd with the pious dead ;—
 “ For this my Sighs o'erload the feeble gale :

“ My feet to night shall tread the new-turn'd sod,
 “ Where lie my *Hopes* and *Comforts* buried deep,
 “ In the same Grave ;—beneath the clay-cold
 clod,

“ Where the blest Relicks of my *Strephon* sleep ;

“ Thoughtless of all the visionary Sprites,
 “ That Fear or busy Fancy can create
 “ When my Sex pass, in Winter's dreary nights,
 “ The half-seen tombs, from visits held too late :

“ There on his Dust the silent tear I'll shed,
 “ While pitying Angels listen to my Moan ;
 “ Just o'er his breast recline my drooping head,
 “ Nor chide the Echo that repeats my groan :

“ The Moon sinks fast — hush! is the solemn
 Knell—

“ See ! my shade lengthens on the russet plain !
 “ I must away — kind hoary Sage, farewell !
 “ Farewell, in hope that we may meet again !”

This said—her footsteps to the Church-yard bend,
 Where they, who once the Village throng'd, repose ;
 Where mortal cares, and toil and troubles end,
 And Life's gay scenes and painted visions close :

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Touch'd

122 MISCELLANIES.

Touch'd with her woe, and anxious for her fate,
Whose Grief by sympathy became his own;
The venerable NESTOR leaves his seat,
Resolv'd to watch her actions when alone:

No base Suspicion prompts him to attend
The Contemplations of the downcast Maid;
His Motives only such as urge a friend,
To give the helpless and dejected Aid.

Soon as her feet the Cemetery reach,
Some distant clock the midnight hour declares:
The Moon, the Stars, the Graves alternate preach;
With calm devotion all *Janetta* hears.

In meditation deep awhile she stands,
Silent and sad as weeping Statues are;
To heav'n's high Throne she lifts her eyes and
hands,
Then from her Heart pours forth the fervent pray'r;

"Fountain of Grace! whom cherubins adore!
"Bend from thy throne and hearken to my pray'r;
"Grant the best boon my silent tears implore,
"And let a wretch forlorn thy Mercy share!

"With pitying eyes behold a Heart deprest.
"Beneath a load of complicated woes;
"Send timely comfort to my wounded breast,
"Or let me in this Grave find sweet repose!

"Fo

" For my support thine arm of Power extend,
 " E'er my frame droops and trembling Spirit faints ;
 " Be Thou my succour, my almighty friend,
 " Remove my grief or silence my complaints ! "

Cold at my feet my Soul's lov'd Object lies,
 By frigid Death torn from my pure embrace :
 Invidious Dust ! why hide him from mine eyes,
 Why shroud in Darkneſs his late ſmiling face ?

Earth was unworthy of thy longer ſtay,
 And kindred Angels claim'd thee for their own ;
 Elſe why ſo ſpeedy wing thy heav'nly way,
 And leave *Janetta* here to weep alone ?

To weep alone ! " — No — Sympathy forbids —
 Slow-moving drops bedew yon patient walls ;
 Tears cloud the roſy Morning's wakeful lids,
 And mournful moiſture from the Willow falls.

The ſculptur'd ſculls on theſe few homely ſtones,
 Emblems of thoſe who once had pow'r to weep,
 Join in the penſive train ; while ſcatter'd bones,
 Touch'd with my Sorrow, to their coffins creep.

As all around condoling Tokens give,
 And friendly darkneſs conſecrates my moan,
 Here proſtrate will I fall — forget I live,
 And faithful Echo ſhall repeat my groan.

124 MISCELLANIES.

Oh ! peaceful *Strephon* ! my sad tale attend,
As on the turf my feeble limbs recline !
Still would I call, and still account thee friend,
Press to thy bosom and believe thee mine.

Since the dull hour that saw my *Strephon* die,
Nor day, nor night, or Rest or Pleasure bring ;
One station'd Cloud o'erspreads the summer-sky,
And Winter frowns where smil'd the blooming
Spring.

The soothing strains of Music's silver voice,
Once sure to charm, now harsh and solemn seem ;
And what refresh'd my Soul with rapt'rous Joys,
Now fleets unnotic'd as an Infant's dream.

Life's shallow Stream that gentle flow'd, and clear,
By *Strephon's* presence clear and gentle made,
Now swells into a Flood that genders fear,
Thro' which my weary feet must henceforth wade.

But why at *Strephon's* grave should I complain ;
Attends the Ear Death's heavy fingers close ? —
In vain I sigh, and all my Tears are vain ;
By mourning here, I give the Wind my woes.

Yet tho' unheard, bright Shade ! by thee unseen,
My trembling Lips shall bid a fond Adieu ;
Adieu, bright Shade ! and on this hallow'd Green,
May Willows weep where once the Hawthorn blew.

This

This said, with bended knee the turf she prest;
 Stedfast her eyes the starry concave view;
 Her languid hands enfold her panting breast;
 A Tear she drops, and once more bids—ADIEU.

Pencil'd on Sattin, and to Cypress bound,
 These artless Lines on *Strepson's* grave were found;
 By her fair hand encircled with a wreath
 Of bridal knots, and two pierc'd hearts beneath.

“ Here sleep in undisturb'd repose,
 “ Pure pattern of celestial truth!
 “ Cut down and wither'd like the Rose,
 “ In the full spreading bloom of youth.

“ Yet, like the Rose, whose fragrance lives
 “ When all its blushing beauties fade,
 “ Death and the grave thy Name survives,
 “ By virtuous Deeds immortal made.

“ That *fatal Pow'r* which now divides
 “ Thy pledged Heart from mine;
 “ That *Pow'r*, e'erlong, in blended dust,
 “ Our pledged Hearts shall join.”

Then from his grave she silent turn'd away;
 Her solitary steps slow homeward move;
 Her thoughts now wean'd from all that's vain
 and gay,
 And all the gilded trifles mortals love.

NESTOR,

126 MISCELLANIES.

NESTOR, sole witness to this mournful scene,
His mossy Hermitage had now regain'd ;
Serious his soul, and all his mind serene
As theirs, while INNOCENCE in *Eden* reign'd:

Prepar'd to moralize by sage discourse,
Patient he waits *Janetta's* wish'd return ;
And plac'd in view, to give his Lecture force,
Time's sythe and glass, Death's head, and Solon's
urn.

Soon he descry'd, by morn's pale new-born light,
The Maiden sad, approach his lonely Cell,
Where Virtue's train, retir'd from pomp, unite,
And harmoniz'd in Love, devoutly dwell.

" Stay, modest Fair!—thy Sorrows well I know ;
" I saw thee plaintive from the grave depart :
" Attentive heav'n hath heard thy pray'r of woe,
" And sent his Angel to console thy heart.

" Wipe from those humid eyes the sick'ning tear ;
" Bid the quick lightnings of thy bosom cease ;
" From me, from mankind thou hath nought to
fear,
" For God's thy Shield, Security, and Peace.

" Learn from the Tombs, a sacred lesson learn,
" That proves the shadowy state of earthly things ;
" That draws in striking tints man's great concern,
" And tidings useful, tho' unwelcome, brings.

" From

- “ From dreary vaults PRIDE’s mouldering monarch preach,
 “ That Empires, Sceptres, Wealth and Pow’r are vain ;
 “ More solemn Truths sepulchral Mitres teach,
 “ Than *living* SECKER urg’d in nervous strain.
 “ That Life’s gay Scenes and splendid Gifts are Toys,
 “ *Time, Sicknefs, Age, and Death* relentless shew ;
 “ In constant League they join to steal our Joys,
 “ To kill our Comforts, and our Grief renew.
 “ The winged hours that bear us swift away,
 “ Tho’ swift, are laden heavy with Distress ;
 “ The swifter moments of each dying day,
 “ Encrease our Pains and leave our Pleasures less.
 “ Our *infant Dawn* in clouds portentous breaks ;
 “ With feeble rays our *youthful Morning* shines ;
 “ The gather’d storm our *manly Noon* o’ertakes ;
 “ At *aged Eve* our sun in shade declines.
 “ As thro’ Life’s dang’rous troubled Sea we steer,
 “ Wave forc’d by wave impels us to the shore ;
 “ Earth’s various Prospects gradual disappear,
 “ We reach the Harbour, and depart no more.
 “ Mansions of bliss on shifting sands to build,
 “ Where the winds beat and rain impetuous falls ;
 “ How vain the project ! the attempt how wild !
 “ More permanent the Webb on tott’ring walls.
 “ Like

" Like flow'rs in spring our cultur'd Hopes may
spread,

" And each fair day awhile improve their bloom ;

" As chilling blasts soon strike *their* beauties dead,

" So Death our Hopes, and sends them to the tomb.

" This humbling truth, meek Maid, thy Woe
declares

" In the soft sighings of a bleeding Heart ;

" *To this* thy sad Experience witness bears,

" Beyond the pow'r of Eloquence and Art.

" From that dark scene of more than human awe,

" Presented by the Dust where *Strephon* lies,

" Important maxims of Religion draw,

" To stay thy tears, and make thee truly wise.

" In Reason's scale Life's painted baubles weigh,

" And count their worth e'er you presume to buy :

" Too dearly bought, if in exchange you pay

" The sterling value of a *Moment's Joy*.

" With sober thought Time's ceaseless current
view,

" And mark how swift its floating pleasures flow ;

" With sacred Zeal superior bliss pursue,

" And look indiff'rent on the stream below.

" Your soul detach from all that Earth can give ;

" Its richest toys are far beneath your love :

" Farewell ! — to die like *Strephon*, like him live,

" And glorious Crowns await ye both above."

Thus

MISCELLANIES. 129

Thus NESTOR spoke, and to Repose withdrew :
Janetta thank'd him with her grateful sighs ;
Then homeward turn'd, wet with the morning
dew,
And wet with unfeign'd tears her wakeful eyes.

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28 MR 59

A
GENEALOGICAL, CHRONOLOGICAL,
BIOGRAPHICAL
AND
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
OF THE
ANCIENT, NUMEROUS,
AND
RENOWNED
FAMILY OF CON:

Drawn from Authentic Records; supported by Ecclesiastical
Legendary and Civil Testimonies, and illustrated
by Modern Anecdotes.

Non nos à Regibus, sed Reges à nobis.

h.
ons



*A Geneological, Chronological, Biographical
and Historical Account, &c.*

HISTORY and Biography may be said to give a kind of *temporary* Immortality to Persons and Actions; but for these means of conveying, from one Generation to another, the Names and Exploits of men remarkable either for their Virtues or Vices, Heroism or Cowardice, Learning or Ignorance, Benefice or Barbarity, we had never heard of *Theodosius* and *Nero*, of *Lyfander* and *Falstaff*, or any of those personages who in ancient times were the Guardians or Destroyers, the Dignity or Reproach of mankind; but for these authentic methods of perpetuating the NOMINA and GESTA (as the Romans stile them) of illustrious Entities, who, in the present Age, would have ever heard of *Valentine* and *Orson*, *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, *Jack Hickathrift*, *Trim Tram*, *Tom Thumb*, and that Wonder of Wonders, *Jack the Giant Killer*? Most men view their *own* Actions through a magnifying mirror, and venerate *themselves* with fond
and

and profound admiration, "else whence this longing after Immortality?" Nay, so ardent is the thirst of some persons after Fame (which an eminent Poet calls "Avarice of Air") that they will not trust a future Biographer to record and transmit their excellencies to posterity, but will immortalize themselves by writing their *own Lives*, and even giving the world by anticipation an account of their *own Deaths*, vainly supposing that as

Nobly they liv'd, so nobly they shall die.

From this invincible Love of Fame, some Malefactors have published their last dying Speeches several days before their Execution, lest their Names should die and be *buried* with them, should they be so fortunate as to be honoured with Christian burial: but of all Self-biographers, no one has discovered so fully the vehemency of *this Passion*, as the famous and celebrated *Tristram Shandy*, who commences the History of his *own Life* from the moment of his Conception; and thus by a proleptical computation, has aggrandized his importance nine months before his birth.

I hope

I hope no Reader will be so uncandid as to imagine that I have the least shadow of a wish to become nominally Immortal, by writing this History of the numerous Family of CON; far be it from me to discover the slightest symptom of such unreasonable Vanity, for I think all persons ought to be satisfied and thankful *if they live till they die*; besides, it betrays an inordinate affection for this world (which all should endeavour to mortify, though few attempt it) when a man is anxious to *live here* after he is dead and buried; neither can any persons with justice suppose that I have Emolument and Interest in view by publishing this Account, since I am not related to the Family, nor ever received or expect any favours from it, except from a younger branch of it who is now but little known, although his Name (CON-tent) and Worth be sometimes occasionally mentioned by those who are utterly strangers to him; my sole aim in this History is to everlastingize (if I may so write) the Memoirs and Characters of the CONS in their true and proper colours, that mankind may learn to imitate the virtuous and brave, and avoid the

the vicious and despicable practices of the descendants from this prolific stock; and as all Relationship, Interest, Expectancy, Vain-glory and Party are out of the question, I trust to be deemed a faithful and impartial Historian, whatever judgment men of opposite principles may pass on the elaborate productions of *Clarendon*, *Echard*, *Rapin*, *Oldmixon* and *Smollet*.

As *Method* is necessary for the ease and benefit of those who compile and those who peruse historical and biographical works, so I shall divide (after the example of many super-eminent Novelists) my performance into Chapters and Paragraphs, in each of which, if my memory is not out-run by rapidity of thought, I intend to treat of matters in a progression and distinct manner, that I may not be confused and perplexed myself, nor confuse and perplex my readers.

In taverns and public places, famous for luxurious dishes or musical entertainments, it is customary to produce a *Bill of Fare*, that the Visitors of those hospitable rendezvous

youz may know what provisions are laid in to gratify their taste; in imitation of this laudable practice, I here present to all such Readers, as desire to “feast their minds and mortify their flesh, to shut up their mouths and take their nourishment in at their eyes,” a preliminary list of such articles as I could provide for their intellectual refreshment.

Chapter the first contains an account of the *Rise* or *Origin*, or *Beginning*, or who were the *Heads* or *Roots* of the *CONS*—this will lead me to treat in the second Chapter, on the *Antiquity* of that numerous Family, which will afford a fair opportunity of displaying my knowledge in Chronology, in which my historical Predecessors have set a commendable pattern. When the second is finished I shall begin the third Chapter, and propose to end that before I enter on the fourth—the third contains a narrative of the Connections of this Family both by Consanguinity and Intermarriages, which will very naturally introduce something of Genealogy; the fourth, which is also the last, gives a brief relation of the Actions,

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Ad-

Adventures, Enterprizes, Exploits, Performances and Professions of the Cons; and I have let my Readers know when this Chapter and History is concluded, by placing at the bottom thereof in Roman Capitals, agreeable to usage immemorial, the Latin word

F I N I S,

which in the English language signifies

T H E E N D.

CHAP.

CHAPTER I.

Giving an Account of the Rise or Origin, or Beginning; or who were the Heads or Roots of the CONS.

GREECE was formerly pestered with a sect of Philosophers who asserted that this material world is *eternal*: a Mr. *Aristotle* was of that opinion, and perhaps for no other reason than because he could not remember that it ever had a Beginning, and it would be wonderful if his memory had reached back above three thousand years: if the Doctrine of the world's Eternity could be proved, Historians might then trace the families of their Heroes, without the imputation of Romance, beyond the remotest ages of recorded Antiquity; and instead of informing us that they *came over* with *William* the Conqueror, or the *Saxons*, or *Julius Cæsar*, or were of antediluvian Descent, they might affirm that they were in Being long *before the Creation*, as some Antiquarians have rationally conjectured Stonehenge to have been. I grant, indeed, in a limited sense (as Divines

say) that the world is eternal *à principio usque ad finem*, that is, from the beginning to the end of it; every thing in nature hath its Rise from some thing; or, to speak metaphysically, *nullus effectus sine causa*; or rather to speak physically, there could have been no Children if there had been no Parents, (except the case of *Melchizedek*) notwithstanding all the megrims of the Heathen Poets, who tell us that *Minerva* was born of *Jupiter's* brain without a Mother, and that *Juno* conceived and bare *Hebe* only by eating plentifully of Lettuces; and even notwithstanding the wild hypothesis of a modern M. D. to the contrary, who in a little tract of his entituled "*Lucina sine concubitu*," very gravely supposes Children to be produced by Ladies only taking the Air, which he affirms to be impregnated with the *stamina vitæ* of human creatures, and that by this means the world may be thronged with Philosophers, Heroes and Kings, as *Virgil's* mares conceived and brought forth colts by snuffing up the West Wind; but these stories are now all exploded by the Faculty of Midwives, as no better than mere whimsies. There certainly must be (as was before asserted) some
Origin

Origin of all things, and we may boldly defy the ablest Geometrician to strike a circle with a pair of compasses, without beginning at some point; have not rivers their sources, though it may sometimes be difficult to trace them back to their first spring? So the present family of Con had predecessors. Some men value themselves on the length of their pedigrees, as others do on the length of their rent-rolls, and think they are by so much the more respectable as they are ancient, though very few now-a-days can follow their descent in a retrograde line farther than the Heptarchy; yet the Cons claim the precedence of them all, even of the *Benbadads* of *Damascus*, the *Beluses* of *Babylon*, or the *Cadwalladores* of *Wales*.

As I intend brevity in this History, the Rise of the Con family will be traced no farther backward than the Mother of all Living, who bore twins that were named (as appears by an ancient geneological Register preserved in the archives of *CONSTANTINOPLE*, a city so called after an eminent branch of this family) *Conception* and *Concupiscence*, who cohabiting, according to the

pri-

primitive custom when there was nobody else to whom they could connubially unite, nor indeed any Priest to marry them, had in process of time a great number of children, all of whom, with their several descendants, retain to this day the first syllable of their parent's names.

They had nine Sons, called Contention, Confusion, Contradiction, Conspiracy, Contempt and Conceit; these six were very quarrelsome fellows, and authors of most of the mischiefs that have overspread the earth; the other three were named, Consideration, Concord, and Condescension, who were gentlemen of amiable dispositions, but not always respected according to their worth. They had also four Daughters (like the Queens of England, some good and some bad) who were called Content, Conscience, Contagion and Concubine. From these thirteen children of Conception and Concupiscence, sprung all the lateral and collateral branches of the family of Coꝛ.

CHAPTER II.

*Containing an Account of the Antiquity of the
CONS, interspersed with chronological Obser-
vations respecting this numerous Family.*

IN the foregoing Chapter of this History we deduced the first CON from *Eve*, whence it appears that this family is nearly coæval with the Sun, and it may be modestly predicted, that it will not be extinct until that glorious Luminary be turned into Darkness; one of this Race will be living at the Consummation of all things, which is more than can with certainty be affirmed of the Houses of Bandenburgh, Bourbon or Hanover.

It may not be improper to remark here, before we proceed further in this History, that as Conception and Concupiscence were persons of extraordinary longevity, so there were very long intervals between the births of their several children, which circumstance was deemed meet to be observed, in order to ascertain the true Chronology of their
Nati-

Nativities. Contention was born A. M. 2, about the time that Cain slew his brother Abel: Confusion was not born till 1716 years afterwards, while the famous tower of Babel was building: Contradiction came into the world much about the same æra: Conspiracy was cotemporary with Absolom, in A. M. 2870: Contempt and Conceit were twins, but the time of their nativity is uncertain: Consideration was born in the reign of Solomon, A. M. 2929. Concord and Condescension were of one birth, tempore incog: the four daughters were all born in the days of Abraham, A. M. 2048.

In this Chapter the Antiquity of the Family of CON is proved, and its Chronology in some measure preserved.

CHAPTER III.

In which is a Narrative of the Connections of this Family by Intermarriages and Consanguinity, paving the Way for an Introduction of Genealogy.

IN the days of primæval simplicity, before the world was plagued with Marriage Acts, Bye Laws and Bastardy, when men and women “look’d thro’ Nature up to Nature’s God,” then our ancestors took to themselves wives where they pleased without ceremony or settlement, and they became one flesh in a compendious way, knowing nothing of the *real* breaking of Rest or *pretended* breaking of Hearts, nothing of the tedious delays, frequent repulses, and renewed attacks, that render modern Courtships like the Siege of Troy.—After the same concise and unsuspecting manner did the Cons form their matrimonial alliances.

Contention was never married, yet had many children, who being judged illegitimate, *lege naturæ*, were not allowed to bear the family name of Con, but were called by

146 MISCELLANIES.

the nick-names of WAR, FISTICUFFS, BACK-SWORD, BLOODYBONES and LAWSUIT, the last of whom became a dangerous fellow, and has been the ruin of hundreds of honest persons.

Confusion married with one Concourse, from whom descended a very troublesome race of people, known in later days by the several appellations of MOB, RIOT, HURLY-BURLY, &c.

Contradiction took to wife Contrivance, who was a plodding sort of woman, and spent most of her time in hatching mischief and creating quarrels; they had only one son, who was called Controversy: this chap, by some artifices which he learnt from his mother, in process of time insinuated himself into the Church, and brought great detriment and discredit to Religion.

Conspiracy entered into wedlock with Confederacy, who bore him a son named Concussion, who was such a bold and stout Desperado, that he would shake thrones and overturn kingdoms.

CON-

Contempt lived in a state of Celibacy, for he was so despicable a wretch that no woman would venture on him for an husband.

Conceit married into the family of the Convicts, and had one boy, who taking after his father, and being accounted rather silly, was commonly called Conjurer.

Consideration took to wife Contemplation, and as this lovely pair retired from Courts, Cities and all public places, it is not known whether they had any offspring.

Concord and Condescension went with their Sisters, Content and Conscience, into voluntary exile, and the world is now very little acquainted with them.

Contagion was wedded to Consumption, and both labouring under inveterate and hereditary Disorders, were childless.

Concubine was a faucy, wanton, volatile hussy, and never married.

Besides the before mentioned Cons, there were many others, some of whom will be taken notice of in the following Chapter, viz. Confucius, Constantine, Constable, Contractor and Conflagration, with three other branches of this ancient family, who (for reasons very well known) were called NonCon, NémCon, and CrimCon.

CHAPTER IV.

Giving a brief Relation of the Actions, Adventures, Enterprizes, Exploits, Performances and Professions of the Cons.

THE Names of some Men perpetuate their Actions, and the Actions of others perpetuate their Names: thus, when we hear the name of *Alexander the Great*, we are immediately reminded of Cruelty, Devastation, and Slaughter; on the other hand, when we read of excellent Laws, of countries protected from Tyrants or emancipated from Slavery, of Learning promoted, of Fleets destroyed or Victories obtained, we directly recollect the Names of Solon and Lycurgus, Fabius Maximus and Alfred, Drake and Hawke, Marlborough and Wolfe. So it was with the Cons: they were famous or infamous, hated or beloved, according to their actions; the memoirs of some of the family were preserved by their names, and of others by their exploits.

The eldest, by right of primogeniture, claims the first notice, and in compliment to
Lady

Lady Custom, we begin with the eldest son of this family.

Contention was naturally of a peevish and quarrelsome temper; while a sucking child, he would bite his mother's nipples, and before he was three years old used to spit in his father's face; he was always at variance with his brothers and sisters, and mostly about trifles; his behaviour growing worse and worse, he was at length turned out of the house, and was heard to say at going off, "If I cannot be a plague to you, I will be so to somebody else." He took his leave with a surly look and a curse; being of a restless disposition, he wandered into various parts of the world, and by his actions verified that old adage, *Non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*: he was accompanied with all his factious progeny, and visited most civilized nations, and even got among the Indians; after traversing great part of the globe he came into England, and bred much disturbance in Church and State, and in private families.

His brother, Confusion, was quick at his heels, as like one another as two peas; where-
foever

soever he came his Banditti, Mob, Riot, HURLY-BURLY, &c. followed him; you were sure to see them all at Coronations, Elections, Executions, Lord Mayor's Shew in London, and all country fairs; this branch of the family is very numerous, and some of them are to be found in every village throughout this Kingdom, though they mostly frequent Corporation Towns.

Contradiction was a wanderer from home, and a fomenter of quarrels; he began his pranks when he was very young, insinuating himself into boarding schools, grew impudent in clubs, and became popular in the Robin Hood Society; his address was first sly and artful, and he would complaisantly say, Madam, I beg leave to differ from you; Sir, you'll excuse me if I differ from you; but he soon grew bolder and vulgar, giving at last the Lye direct, and was then discarded from most polite companies.

Conspiracy was a subtle fellow, of a dark complexion, and if ever seen in the day time, (which was but rarely) he was sure to have a dark lanthorn under his great coat; he was
Ring-

Ringleader in all plots, and a man of desperate designs. He and his comrades attempted to blow up both Houses of Parliament in the reign of King James, for which some of his confederates were hanged.

Contempt was an ignorant creature, and kept very low company in general; he was remarkable for a particular knit of his brows, a squint with his eyes, and an oblique turn with his head; his exploits are so few and mean, that they are not worth recording.

Conceit was whimsical and pragmatrical; wise men had no good opinion of him, and therefore he entertained the better of himself; he had a queer method of blowing up young and ignorant persons, as boys do frogs with a straw, till they are like to burst; he had a trick of deceiving people beyond credit, and could make those whom he deceived believe the greatest impossibilities; he would persuade a little man that he was too big to enter into St. Paul's Cathedral at the West door, and make a woman with child believe that she was small enough to sleep in a Wren's egg; he would make a Plow-boy
fancy

fancy himself to be as long as his shadow at sun-set, and a Premier imagine that mankind were only birds sent into the world for him to pick, and afterwards adorn himself with their feathers; he would induce a Taylor to believe that he was cut out for an Emperor, and a Cobler that he was qualified to be an Archbishop. His boy, Conjurer, inherited some of the whims of his father; he travelled through Chaldea with some repute for Necromancy, and ages past he came into England, and had respect shewn him in the days of Ignorance and Superstition, but now men give themselves little concern about him, whether he be "a Conjurer or no Conjurer."

Consideration and Contemplation being fond of retirement, their adventures are not on record. Concord and Condescension going into exile with Content and Conscience, we cannot recover any memoirs concerning them.

Contagion, with his wife Consumption, visited most parts of the habitable world, and made great havoc where they went; they were

so secret in their designs, and so destructive in their operations, that they would slaughter thousands in a day. Contagion is noted for the ravages he made many years ago at Marseilles and London, and is now skulking about Jails, Hospitals and Bawdy-houses.

CONCUBINE was a famous traveller, and a pert, impudent, aspiring jade; she ingratiated herself into favour with the kings of Persia, was Lady Paramount in the Turkish Seraglio, and coming into England was admitted to great familiarities with the Nobility, and even countenanced and caressed at court, but she has not been suffered to shew her face there in the present reign.

CONFUCIUS went into China, where he became eminent and respectable. Constantine was noted for being the first Emperor that embraced the Christian Faith, and calling Byzantium Constantinople, after his own name. Constable was put into a civil office; was an active useful man on occasion; the ensign of his authority was a gilded truncheon, which was a terror to Bawds and Pickpockets. Contractor got into close connection

nection with the Army and Navy; he soon amassed a large fortune, but how honestly their family register does not inform us.

Conflagration, when in a rage, hath done abundance of mischief; he assisted Nero in the destruction of Rome, was very active in laying London in ashes in the year 1666, and it is believed that he will have a chief hand in destroying this elementary world.

NonCON was a sober sort of a man, descended from the Conscience family, though some of his namesakes had more simplicity than godly sincerity. NemCON was a member of Parliament, and when he was present in the House Unanimity prevailed. CrimCON was a rakish fellow, intimate with the higher rank of Gentry, and oftentimes was involved in Lawsuits, and forced to pay large fines for his adulterous practices.

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THE LIFE OF JAMES M. SMITH

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P. S. To the READER.

*The Author proposes, if he can meet with
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VII. *Marriage the original Source of all human Miseries; being an Attempt to prove, "That Adam's knowing his Wife Eve was, figuratively, his eating the forbidden Fruit,"*

"Whose mortal taste brought Death into the World

"And all our Woe, with loss of Eden."

MILTON.

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IX. Co-

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Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur.

XIV. The

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——An Enquiry, Whether there are in Nature any such Creatures as the Phoenix, Camelion, Unicorn, Salamander, Cockatrice, Gryffin and Mermaid; with clear Proofs that they are only Hieroglyphics.

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